TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Although Canada is a colony of Great Britain and her people possess as much of loyalty as any colonists need, yet it is well that the Governor-General did not call upon the people of Canada to go into mourning for the late Prince Albert Victor. The formal intimation along this line that was gazetted the other day was not the sweeping command to prostrate ourselves in grief that rumor said was coming. It was rather modified into a suggestion and made in an unobtrusive way as though designed to elude observation of the people at large, while at the same time affording those who look well in black an excuse for putting it on. The people of this country entertain a loyalty towards the British nation more than to the British crown. We have a livelier belief in the human might of British arms than in the divine right of British kings. I love to take a map of the world and affectionately cover with my thumb the small islands, the influence of whose sons has long swayed the destinies of continents and races over the whole face of the planet. It is pleasant to the vanity to number oneself with those sons and to feel that one's country is in national partnership with those mighty islands. But it is not the throne that invests the nation with a glory—it reflects but does not produce brilliance. People are no longer bound together by ideas and superstitions so much as by interest, and the uniting interest is strong between five millions here and forty millions there, while it is scarcely noticeable between five millions here and one individual or one family over there. Outside the person of the Queen, who is loved for those rare virtues that lying newspapers have sought in vain to discredit, excellences that would make any plebeian distinguished, the Royal Family is but esteemed in Canada because of the great people whom it represents but no longer rules. Were England to become a republic to-morrow her seamen would still be the spirited masters of the deep, and no invading army would land upon the shores of that tight little isle, or doing so would never embark again. Scarcely a tremor would thrill the ligaments that unite us with the empire. The revolutionary example might presently influence us, but if we thereupon set up a separate republic here it would be for the same reasons that would cause England to abandon monarchy, and our severance from the empire would not be because the throne had been emptied and set aside. The Duke of Clarence was a young man of whom the people in this country knew little, and the chief interest taken in his death was owing to the pathetic circumstances attending that event. To ask Canada to mourn for that youth would simply be to provoke criticism and set in motion the thinking apparatus of this colony, which is historically prone to think itself to alarming conclusions. The sincere sympathy and decorous grief now existing would have been disturbed by discussion as to the obligations Canada was under to the dead Prince, for it is a democratic principle to give nothing for nothing. I think those who usurp leadership in promoting and entrenching a sentiment of loyalty to British connection, are making the mistake of putting too much royalty in the medicine they give us. They are handling drugs that they are not able to intelligently compound, like the quack doctor who had but five powders and mixed a little of the green, the white, the red and the gray together and prescribed it for every ailment his patients could get hold of, changing the quantities of each powder occasionally for color effect. The people of this country are loyal to a constitutional connection, not to a throne; to a parent nation, not to a royal family.

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Others than princes are dying just now and many have more local griefs than those imposed by the State. A man employed about the Union Station informed me the other day that they ship out about half a dozen coffins every forenoon. Who are these people that die away from home? Boys who left homes up in the country one or ten years ago to make fortunes in the city. Some have lived fast, thrown their ambition to the wind, until suddenly cut off by this devil of influenza. Others were too weak of constitution to stand the hard fighting of the city, and while their lives became so many slowly vanishing shadows they wrote hopeful letters to the old folks, to whom the news of their boys' death will be the first intimation of illness. Some of these coffins, too, contain the remains of those who came here to fight death at the last ditch in a ward of the hospital. If anything can emphasize the sadness of death it is when a son's life suddenly ends at a distance from home and he is brought back in a casket. The mother would give the world for the lost chance to clasp the hand of her dying son and accompany him in spirit down into the valley where the shadows deepen and the cold river flows silently on. There is an intensity of grief in that last companionship of two souls parting in the darkness that envelops the border between this life and that other life—a grief which by its very intensity chastens the spirit of the survivor. But when the son dies suddenly and at a distance and is brought home in a box, though there are none of those anguished night watches and successive hopes and fears, neither is there that last hand clasp nor an interchange of messages by the secret telegraphy of the soul. Death is the one thing that science cannot overcome or simplify and grief attends it despite Christianity and philosophy.

Mr. Preston has instituted a libel suit against the *Empire* for statements contained in a wild-eyed exposure of the iniquities practiced by the Ontario Government agents in operating the license laws in Toronto. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Grit machine has pinched large sums of money from the license-holders of this city. It was sworn to before and the affidavits were published and the scandal worked for all it was worth previous to the Provincial elections, with only moderate satisfaction to those who pushed it. And now the Conservative organ has come screeching out with new evidence of the same wickedness and in an altogether unnecessary way has got into a libel suit. Of course if a paper is run in the interests of purity and universal goodness it has a right and is under an obligation to attack crookedness on sight, but if a paper is run for party reasons it should not fire off all its powder in times of peace. The ex hotelkeeper whose story is now given has made no secret of it for a year past and was ready to speak of it at any time, and what induced the party organ to send up one lonely yell in the solemn stillness now prevailing is hard to say. The story itself shows a scandalous abuse of power by the party that has control of the license system, but it may safely be said that people will not pause to consider it and in another week it will be utterly forgotten unless the projected libel suit lends it some life. The keenness displayed by the Conservative party in making the very best use of every advantage in Dominion politics, has never shown itself in Ontario politics. Ill-luck follows ill-luck like links in a chain of misfortune. Attempts to discredit the Mowat Government even by showing up positive crookedness, cannot now have half the success they would have had a year ago or will probably have two or three years hence. This is true because revelations elsewhere seem to show that corruption in the political habit of the day, and even his enemies accuse Mr. Mowat of nothing to compare with rascalities at Ottawa and Quebec. People are sure to make comparisons between the charges preferred on all hands and to acquit the one who seems least a sinner. There are certain wicked things in the conduct of Mr. Mowat's party, but it is poor politics to expose them until the sense of public decency has recorded its lost capacity for being shocked.

The promised reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet has taken place, but might better be called a reorganization. J. C. Patterson and Col. Ouimet are the only new men called into office. The former is one of the strongest men Ontario has been sending to the Commons of recent years and he is an improvement upon the average of those he now finds his colleagues. Col. Ouimet is a man whom I mentally distinguish as the French-Canadian who has not as yet been caught boodling. Both men are as good as any that could have been selected. The disappointment of this reconstruction is not in the quality of the new men chosen, but in the number of inferior men retained. Why should this reconstruction give any particular satisfaction to the party or increase popular confidence in the Abbott administration? What does it matter whether Caron lisps his life away in the Militia Department or the Postal Department so long as he retains a place that might well be occupied by a better man? How is the country going to be saved and everything made lovely by the translation of Chapleau from the State office, where he could chew his paw like a bear in its burrow, to the Customs Department, where he will have large patronage and splendid opportunities for Senecalism? And those who are uneasy about Haggart, why should they now resume their seats contentedly since he has been given the important portfolio of Railways and Canals and reconstructed out of the Postmaster-Generalship? To read the official announcement of these changes one would receive the idea that every man jack of them had been promoted to a more important position and a wider field for their excessive abilities than they had formerly occupied. Mackenzie Bowell has been promoted to the Department of Militia. There is little doubt that he is the man who made all the sacrifice that was made in the interests of harmony, and if all were known I should not be surprised to learn that he was willing to retire into private life for the sake of his party if by so doing he could lead away two or three of his colleagues and lose them. Ever since Hon. Thomas White so prematurely died Bowell has been the pack-horse of the Cabinet, and since Sir John Macdonald died he has been the peacemaker, ready to undertake and put up with anything for the good of the cause. If my estimate of him is not too generous, the cause owes him more than it is likely to repay.

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When it comes down to a fine point and the one who looked for a thorough reconstruction asks himself what good men he expected to see called upon to take a portfolio, he can perhaps only think of Meredith. This shows that people were more solicitous that certain men should be put out than that certain other men should be called in. It did not matter who was substituted so long as there was a substitution. But now the reconstruction is completed and Canada feels something like the rich man who found a blacksmith shop on each side of his residence, and being driven nearly wild with the din of their anvils paid them fancy prices to move; but still being beset by their clamor he charged them with violating the bargain

"Oh no," said Hans, with a grin on his pale,
"Carl's moved to my shop and I've moved to his."

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Nothing much would have been expected if so much had not been predicted and foretold in dreams and if newspaper speculation had not been encouraged for months. This trading of blacksmith shops would have answered the purpose if there had not been an agreement, or at least an understanding, that they would take their presence clear out of the neighborhood of their past havoc. If it had been announced in good time that only two new men would be called and that the Premier was satisfied with his Ministers every one, people would have thought it over without prejudice and reached the conclusion, not far wrong, that the Cabinet is a pretty strong one. Messrs. Abbott, Thompson, Foster and Bowell have strength enough to atone for the poor average of their associates, and the two new additions make that atonement easier. It will be all right, for the Premier has abilities that only lack demonstration.

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On Sunday evening I heard a preacher in one of the city churches pause in the middle of his sermon to ask his people what they would think and how they would take it if a man should arise in one of the pews and cry out "What shall I do to be saved?" The preacher was convinced that nearly everyone in the church would at once conclude that the man was crazy, and they would expect to see the ushers call in a policeman and have the disturber removed. It was a capital illustration of the formalism into which religious worship has descended. To convert the sinful is the sustained effort of all ministers and they make the most impassioned appeals, employing all the arts of elocution to stir up the hearts of the people, yet all would be scandalized if a hearer lost his self control and interrupted the services with a cry of heart-hunger. With the elegant gas chandeliers throwing a brilliant light over the elegant pews, comfortably filled with elegant people, the church has a polite magnificence that freezes the heart of the sinner as quickly as the warmth of the clergyman thaws it. The atmosphere of the building is charged with a high and contented piety, which at every breath accuses the carnal heart of intrusion. It is not a place for seeking, but one for displaying that which is already possessed, whether in the way of saintly gifts or attractive apparel. If an anxious one joins in a hymn of contrition with a voice deficient in melody and tones devoid of tune, he is turned upon and silenced with frowns by those about him, as though there was no heaven for the man who could not do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, with the rest of them. Having been frowned into silence in churches nearly all the way from Lake Michigan to the Thousand Islands, I speak of this with feeling. Some day I shall write a pathetic book on the hard trials of an unmusical man. Church religion is getting too much like its singing: it has too intricate a tune for the uncultivated wayfaring man; an artistic, pendulous, well ordered motion that the presence of a conscious and uninitiated sinner sadly disarranges, to the genteel amazement of all beholders. It is instructive for one to sit in a church and speculate as to the effect it would have for a man to rise up and crush down the conventionalities by asking aloud the way to heaven. I fancy that in many cases the most disconcerted man present would be the minister whose measured, weighed and carefully upholstered discourse had by an accident touched a sore human heart and broken its artificial shell.

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It seems that the Mollah of Persia after prohibiting the use of tobacco among the natives has withdrawn his edict. I am not very well up to date in Persian affairs and do not know whether the Mollah is any relation to the Shah or whether he is head of the native church. Probably the latter is correct, for no temporal ruler with a necessity for consulting the conveniences of people who might make rebellion a decided success, would dare to knock pipes out of their mouths in the middle of a good smoke. The pipe was found puffing away in savage abandon when this country was young, and becoming civilized it has joined the march and itself become a civilizer. The Mollah referred to above has been smoked out of the onward path as King James was in his day. No doubt both of these men tried to smoke and failed, for the pipe has its likes and dislikes ever since it became civilized, and has prejudices bequeathed from long ancestry and will not take up with a man who accosts it with proud and impudent lips. I do not think the Mollah is the kind of man to bother ingratiating himself into favor with a pipe. He could not humble himself before so lowly a master, but would jump at it with the same imperious self-assertion with which he would peel an orange or skin a banana. It won't do, for the pipe takes prompt revenge upon such. Suffering from defeat the Mollah sought to banish his conqueror from the land, but finds his power too small. All round the world the pipe has organized a mysterious brotherhood, reconciling languages and divergent creeds, and encircling all in a wreath of generous, meditative smoke.

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When a woman undertakes to reform a man she had better hold him at arm's length until the task is completed to her entire satisfaction. If she leaves the least bit of it to be attended to after marriage, it will never be finished, and ten to one the good man will slide back to his first condition. These women who take husbands to raise seldom make a success of it. People talk about the influence of women, but I think it is more general than particular—that is, the better sex improves the worse, taken altogether, rather than in individual instances. So far I have only known one case where a woman, unaided by any extraneous circumstances, really reformed a downright worthless man. Any number of women are credited with reforming men who at worst were troubled with nothing more dangerous than the natural wildness of youth and required reformation little more than their rescuers did from the habit of chewing tutti frutti. In the one genuine case mentioned the man was an ordinary, good-natured and apparently hopeless sot. He would work a little and soak a lot all the year round, and had no more self-respect than a nude statue on a public square. The girl appeared upon the scene and impressed him so strongly that he remained sober one day, bought a clean paper collar and procured an introduction at a friend's house. Thereafter he set apart one day in seven and dedicated it solemnly to sobriety and love-making. One day she told him that unless he would mend his ways throughout the week she must cease to recognize him on Sunday. For a year he fought a doubtful fight, falling repeatedly, and every time he fell was treated as an entire stranger by the object of his affection. She was inexorable. When he showed a disposition to go

Ignace Jan Paderewski, The Celebrated Pianist.

down she gave no sign of the least desire to help him, but the moment he commenced to rise she beckoned him sweetly on. They became engaged and after another year of faultless conduct the marriage day approached. The man celebrated his expected happiness by getting beastly drunk. He did not intend to do this but with a number of friends he walked away from his straight path. The prospective bride promptly postponed the marriage for six months, and entreaty and penitence could not move her. It was a final lesson and the couple were married, and the man is now an admirable husband and citizen. That girl did not leave anything for completion after marriage or her efforts would have resulted like the thousands of other female rescuers who jumped from balconies into the gutter and stuck there.

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That case reported from Brooklyn where a Newfoundland girl interfered in court with an offer to marry and reform her lover, who was charged with attempting to burglarize a show case, illustrates what an infatuated woman will undertake. And the result will no doubt illustrate how infatuated women fail to reform scoundrels by marrying them. The burglar is a particularly tough customer who served five years in penitentiary for highway robbery, and during the four months since his release has stabbed a man in a fight and attempted this burglary, for which he was arrested. He was also living immorally in a low dive. That poor fool of a girl is running straight to the ditch. If love for her could not restrain the burglar from attempting murder and felony before marriage it scarcely will after, and he will drag her into vice with him. But there is another important point to this case. On the girl's wishes being made known to the judge he questioned her closely and satisfied himself that she was a good girl and sincere in her belief that she could reform the prisoner, who was released on suspended sentence on condition that he would marry the girl and get out of Brooklyn at once. I think that judge is a criminal as much as though he had assisted a suicide to drown himself in a barrel of water. If he had not sufficient faith in the girl's influence over the man to allow them to stay in Brooklyn, he should not have allowed her to innocently bind herself to so incorrigible a rascal. Instead of releasing the man, the girl's danger should have caused the prisoner to receive a long term of imprisonment, so that he could not defile that true heart and propagate his species. The man with habits and instincts so wholly evil as this one—who disgraces the name of O'Toole—should not be allowed to marry at all; or marrying and still pursuing his evil course, his children should be seized by the State and most carefully reared in an atmosphere of honesty. The cost of such training would be saved from the expense of maintaining criminal institutions. The amount of character that a child does not receive by heredity is acquired from environment, and the children of vicious parents, inheriting evil parts and surrounded by evil influences, are guaranteed to be rascals while in their very cradles, or crooning on a wisp of straw in the foul cellar that may comprise their only home. The State in self-defence should interpose here. It allows children to grow up in dens where thievery is regarded as the favorite occupation and the police are looked upon as oppressive meddlers in the common affairs of life—the State decoys these children on with small retributions for small offences, until it gets a good excuse and then it swoops down and hangs them for murder. Crime was instilled into them with their mother's milk and taught them from their father's lips and kicked into them with his boots, and the State stood eavesdropping outside and waiting to get a chance at the young vipers. When a rattlesnake is killed its young are put out of the way, too. The wisdom of that is not debatable, and the same wisdom should cause the State to take charge of the children of the vicious for the good of society.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

A good deal of interest was taken last week in the preparations for the annual ball at the most charming hall of entertainment in Toronto, namely, Osgoode Hall. For several reasons I looked forward to a great success and much glory to our legal friends, and I was not disappointed. The beautiful rotunda, library, Convocation hall and law courts were thronged with a brilliant crowd of happy and well pleased fashionables, and sentries in the scarlet uniform of the C School of Infantry guided and marshalled what might have otherwise proved an unwieldy crowd. When one's partner stood just inside the Convocation hall, and oneself not three steps away in the new law courts, it was rather provoking to find one's way barred by a smiling but determined soldier, who allowed people to go out but not in at that particular door. However, that particular soldier was of the kind that England's expectations are realized in; he did his duty, as I and several more discovered, and was deaf to the coaxings or poutings of some of the prettiest of the many pretty women who graced Osgoode Hall that evening. The three bands discoursed in the library, Convocation hall and law courts, and at no time was it too crowded to enjoy a dance, the various delightful flirtation corners wooing many a fleet-footed law student and his partner to seclusion, who would otherwise have been chasing the shadows in the dancing rooms. It was a curious sight to see the chairs of the judges, on the platforms in the court rooms, turning their backs upon the chance visitor, while the wave of a fan, the end of a ribbon, and the low tones of a manly voice told of the new style of court that was being carried on. The very audacity and incongruity of the doings and their surroundings would precipitate the daring man and maid into depths of sentimentalism, from which there was no court of appeal. Those naughty little birds who twitter in the editorial sanctum have told of one engagement which was arranged under the very shadow of the judicial chair. The peculiar conformation of the hall makes it difficult for the reporter's gaze to select the most striking and beautiful gowns—one needs to see them all together to do that difficult deed justly. Here and there I came across lovely frocks and stately robes. Mrs. Cosby wore a handsome gray and black brocaded gown, and looked unusually well; Mrs. Aylesworth wore a handsome costume of white brocaded faille and electric blue satin which was very *chic*. A great number of Empire costumes were worn and looked very graceful. Amongst others I noticed a very pretty pale blue gown worn by Miss Frances; Miss Bunting looked well in white silk; Miss Seymour, pale green silk; Miss Powell looked very pretty in a pink gown trimmed with pale blue; Miss Scott wore a *chic* costume of white chiffon; Miss Heward, white silk and net; Miss Crawford, a dainty gown of cream silk; Miss Maclean, white silk; Miss Glooderham, white silk and white hyacinths; Miss Kingsmill, a very becoming gown of pink and black trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Harrison, black lace and gold jeweled trimming; Miss Howard, silver gray bengaline and pink roses; Miss White of Woodstock looked charming in a pale green silk, which suited her piquant style admirably; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton was beautifully gowned in a rich white silk; Mrs. Clark, black silk and diamond ornaments; Miss Hodgins, pale blue and gold trimmings; a charming little creature in pale gray, trimmed with ostrich plumes, was very much admired; Miss Livingstone looked very pretty in white silk; Miss Edith McLean, rose-colored bengaline and white carnations; Miss Osler, white silk; Miss Burton, corn-colored silk and yellow roses; Miss Hornibrook, cream satin, *chiffon*, and pearls; Miss Nellie Richardson, Nile green silk, fringe of buttercups; Miss Catto, white crepe de chine.

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An admirable arrangement of electric bells brought each dance to a close at the same time in each of the three rooms. Placards announcing the number of the dance in progress were posted in conspicuous places in all parts of the building, and two buglers of the Grenadiers three minutes before each dance played calls which could be heard in the remotest part of the building.

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The following are the officers of the Society: President, Mr. H. M. Ludwig; 1st vice-president, Mr. A. V. Blain; 2nd vice-president; Mr. W. E. Woodruff; secretary, Mr. D'Arcy Tate; treasurer, Mr. J. W. Mallon; committee of management, Messrs. J. D. Swanson, G. P. Deacon, D'Arcy Hinds; critic, C. D. Scott. The following were appointed as a special At Home committee to assist the officers: Messrs. G. Kappele, R. A. Grant, W. J. McWhinney, E. Bristol, J. M. Young, W. F. Creelman, A. Ridley, J. McKay, H. Ferguson, A. W. Ballantyne, W. T. J. Lee, S F. Houston.

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The opening sets of lancers were danced in Convocation hall at half-past nine o'clock. They were composed of the patronesses and committees, as follows: First set—Mrs. Charles Moss and Mr. M. H. Ludwig, Mrs. Æ Irving and Mr. S. F. Houston, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mr. George Kappele, Mrs. Z. A. Lash and Mr. D'Arcy Tate. Second set—Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Mr. Wm. Creelman, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Mr. W. J. McWhinney, Mrs. G. F. Shepley and Mr. R. A. Grant, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie and Mr. A. W. Ballantyne. Third set—Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth and Mr. G. H. Ferguson, Mrs. Walter Barwick and Mr. J. W. Mallon, Mrs. G. H. Watson and Mr. H. F. Ridley, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mr. W. E. Woodruff.

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The invited guests were as follows: Hon. Edward Blake and Mrs. Blake, Hon. Sir Alexander Campbell and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mrs. Mowat, Hon. S. H. Blake and Mrs. Blake, Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson and Lady Thompson, Mr. Justice Hagarty and Mrs. Hagarty, Mr. Justice Burton and Mrs. Burton, Mr. Justice Osler and Mrs. Osler, Mr. Justice Maclennan and Mrs. Maclennan, Mr. Justice Armour, Mr. Justice Falconbridge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. Justice Street and Mrs. Street, Chancellor Boyd and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. Justice Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Justice Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Justice Meredith, Hon. Sir Thomas Galt and Lady Galt, Mr. Justice Rose and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Justice McMahon and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mr. and John Bell of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Britton of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Christie of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. David Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Douglas of Chatham, Hon. C. F. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. D. Guthrie, M. P.P., and Mrs. Guthrie of Guelph, Hon. A. S. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. John Idington of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Æ. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Lash, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Magee of London, Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin of Hamilton, Mr. W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. C. McDonald of St. Thomas, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, M P., and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs C. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Shepley, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Strathy of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Teetzel of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Dalton, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Judge Morgan and Mrs. Morgan, Judge Morson and Mrs. Morson, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kingsford, Hon. G. W. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, Hon. Richard Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, Bor. John Dryden and Mrs. Dryden, Mr. and Mrs. John Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs Geo. S. Holmestead, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Storm, Mr. R. E. Crane, his Worship Mayor Fleming and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. E. F. Clarke, M. P. P., and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mr. W. G. Eakins, Mr. and Mrs J. J. Daly. A complete list of the hundreds present would overrun the space at my disposal, therefore I am compelled to omit it.

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At half-past two on the afternoon of December 17, the Scotch church, Collins street, Melbourne, Australia, was the scene of an exceedingly quiet and stylish wedding, when Miss Mary L. Macleod, daughter of Mr. Charles Macleod of George's terrace, St. Kilda road, and late of Chatham, Ont., was united to Mr. Arthur G. Whipple of Sydney, late of New York. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. Mr. Marshall, and the bride was given away by her father, Mr. C. Macleod. The bridesmaids were the Misses Charlo and Belle Macleod, sisters of the bride, who were gowned in effective costumes of steel gray cashmere, relieved with silver cord and passementerie; pretty cream hats, trimmed with feathers. Mr. James Macleod, brother of the bride, fulfilled the duties of best man. The bride was married in a stylish traveling gown of fawn tweed, relieved with brown velvet, Louis XV. corsage with velvet vest; small hat trimmed with the velvet and wings. She wore a beautiful opal brooch and pearl bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Whipple embarked on board the Rotomahana, en route for their honeymoon, which they will pass in a tour of Tasmania and New Zealand, afterwards returning to Sydney, where they will live. Besides the very handsome and costly presents, congratulations were received (per cable) from all parts of America and Europe.

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The Misses Bright of Ross street gave a very pleasant At Home on Thursday afternoon last.

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Mrs. A. B. Smith of Jarvis street gave a delightful dance on Friday evening.

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Miss Kingsmill of 100 Yorkville avenue gave a small dance last evening.

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The annual conversazione of Trinity College will be held on the 11th of next month.

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Miss Houston, daughter of Canon Houston of Niagara Falls, is the guest of Miss Kingsmill, Yorkville avenue.

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Miss Metcalfe, who has been staying in Toronto, left on Tuesday for Bowmanville.

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Miss Bright, who has been visiting the Misses Janes, has returned to Philadelphia.

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Mrs. Donald McKay gives a large At Home on this day week.

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A very pleasant skating party was given by the Misses M. Moxon and A. Beard at the Prospect Park Rink on Wednesday evening of last week. After the skaters tired of that amusement the party adjourned to the residence of Mr. Ellis, 128 Rose avenue, for a dance and supper. Among those present were the Misses Stanley, Taylor, Crawford, Foley, Collins, Moxon, Luminous, Beard, Toy and Curry, and Messrs. Robinson, Strachan, Bee, Henson, Ellis, Mills, Walker, Young, Johnson, Hall, Forbes, Collins, Smith and Lumbers.

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Among the *debutantes* at the Osgoode Hall ball was Miss Tena Hughes of Jarvis street. She was charmingly attired in a gown of white corded silk and *chiffon*.

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Mrs. Andrew Smith of 311 Jarvis street gave a delightful young people's At Home for her youngest daughter, Miss Jennie Smith, on Saturday afternoon from half-past four to eleven o'clock. One hundred and seventy were invited and amongst those who were present were some of the loveliest buds in our rosebud garden of girls. Miss Jennie Smith wore blue *crepe* with silver trimmings; the Misses Smart wore pink; Miss Evelyn Cox, yellow *crepe*; Miss L. Brown, cream and gold. A few of the guests were the Misses Smart, Smith, Cox, Morison, Garvin, Dunnet, Jones, Bowie, Jones, Carmen, Flood, Eby, Bertram, Lillie, Burgess, Allan, Phillips, L. Brown, Eckardt, M. H. Irish, and Messrs. Cosby, Eby, Gilmour, McIntosh, Hall, Brook, Wright, Consul, McConnell, Philbrick, Wilby.

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Dr. and Mrs. Russel of the Hamilton Insane Asylum gave a young people's sleighing party on Friday, January 22. After enjoying a very pleasant drive they went to the doctor's handsome residence, where they spent a pleasant evening dancing, and partook of a sumptuous supper. Amongst those present were Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Dr. Burner, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Orin, the Misses Russel, Mr. H. Russel, Masters Will and Jack Russel, Miss Gardiner and Miss Bertie Gardiner, Master Percy Moore, Miss Cora and Master Ben Mighton, Miss Fonty and Master Fred Griffith, Miss Aggie Bunlop, Master Will Billington, Miss Ethel Finley, Master Fred Whatny, Miss Ethel Kittson, Miss Ethel Cleaney, Mr. Alex Zimmerman and a number of others.

* * *

Dr. Ryerson returned from the south on Wednesday.

* * *

The Maritana Club will hold their fourth At Home at Webb's, on Friday evening, 5th Feb.

* * *

Mrs. Bendelari's tea, which was given last Saturday in honor of her visitors, Mrs. Collinson and Miss Rennie, was a most enjoyable affair.

* * *

The officers and members of Toronto Lodge, No. 30, Knights of Pythias, held their At Home at Webb's parlors on Wednesday January 20, when a large attendance filled the ball room comfortably for dancing, and the guests of the evening pronounced it a grand success and a credit to the committee for their excellent arrangements: Committee—Mr. A. A. Alexander, chairman; Mr. J. F. Grant, treasurer; Mr. Geo. Bedingfield, secretary, and Messrs. J. W. Peaker, W. A. Gray, R. R. Duthie, Thos. Soole, J. A. McMurray, Jackson L. Little, C. Campbell, C. R. Palmer and H. E. Wiley. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Alexander, Miss Alexander, Miss Adams, Mr. E. J. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bedingfield, Miss Bell, Miss Jessie Brown, Mr. Jno. Brown, Mr. S. Bruce, Mr. Butcher, Mr. Wm. Bryce, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapman, Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. W. Clark, Mr. Jas. Cosgrave, Miss Jessie Clark, Miss Chafer, Mr. W. J. Cluff, Mr. Jno. Clark, Mr. R. R. Duthie, Mr. Alf. Dixon, Mr. A. A. Davies, Miss M. Dunn, Miss Dorricott of St. Thomas, Mr. W. Dunn, Mr. Jas. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Eagan, Mr. E. J. Evans, Mr. W. Fox, Mr. J. S. Ferguson, Miss L. Fice, Mr. J. F. Gray, Mr. W. Gardiner, Mr. W. A. Gray, Mr. J. Guinane, Mr. J. Gardiner, Miss Gardiner, Mr. J. Gormally, Miss Houston, Mr. J. Hozack, Miss Hozack, Mr. H. Heward, Miss Hunter, Mr. R. Hewitt, Mr. D. Hawthorne, Miss Jones, Miss Kennedy, Mr. E. Kendal, Mr. M. Keiser, Mr. Geo. Laidlaw, Miss Linton, Mr. and Mrs. Lemon, Mr. Jackson L. Little, Mr. J. F. McCusig, Mr. J. A. McMurray, Miss Morell, Mr. J. McIntyre, Misses McCormack, Miss M. Moore of Orillia, Mr. Martin, Mr. F. Murchison, Miss Maud and Carrie Murchison, Miss A. J. Melross, Miss McGlenn, Miss M. McDonald, Mr. Jas. McKittrick, Mr. D. J. McSweyn, Miss Fanny Morell, Mr. A. Nicholson, Mr. A. F. Oakley, Mr. O'Brien, Dr. J. W. and Mrs. Peaker, Mr. W. Power, Miss Quirk, Miss Fanny Rykert of St. Catharines, Miss Reid, Mr. E. H. Redway, Miss Richardson, Miss Mabel Richardson, Mr. Thos. Soole, Mr. C. M. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Scheibe, Miss Smithe, Miss Mary Scheibe, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Scripture, Miss Smith, Mr. F. Taylor, Miss Lillie Wells, Mr. Geo. Watson.

* * *

Miss Jardine Thomson has returned to Toronto for two months, from Boston.

* * *

A pleasant evening was spent at Harry Webb's parlors by the staff of the British America Assurance Company and their friends, on Thursday evening, January 21, the occasion being the second annual smoking concert and supper of that institution. An excellent programme, contributed to by Messrs. I. and W. C. Carlisle, A. C. Fairweather, E. J. Ebbels, Max McCord, A. P. P. Taylor and W. E. Fudger, was furnished, and the fencing of Messrs. Brough and Cartwright was a good exhibition of that exciting art. The spirited blindfold duel with skin-clubs fought by Messrs. Maguire and Parker, and the arrest by the amateur policemen, Messrs. Ham and Linton, furnished considerable amusement and gave a good wind-up to the programme. After full justice had been done to the supper "stag" dances were indulged in till midnight, when the gathering broke up, and the guests separated, feeling that they had passed a very enjoyable evening. Among the guests I noticed Messrs. E. A. Lilly of Montreal, D. C. Edwards of Halifax, J. S. Garvin, H. D. P. Armstrong, R. A. Badenach, R. Love, E. P. Pearson, T. C. Blogg, C. Henderson, R. P. Mortley, F. H. Wilcocks of Guelph, F. K. Locke of Glen Falls, N. Y., and Dr. Shaw. The chair was ably filled by Mr. W. H. Banks, Assist.-Secretary of the Company.

* * *

A very pretty progressive euchre party and dance was given by Miss Lillie Webb at her father's residence in Brighton on Wednesday of last week. The prizes at the euchre tables were won by Miss Forde and Mr. Frank Rogers.

* * *

Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing*, New York, was in town on Thursday.

* * *

Numbers of smart people attended the capital Hoosier play "Blue Jeans," at the Grand, this week, and for the first time made acquaintance with the antics of a circular saw. At the usual play of realistic to-day one may learn lessons in domestic economy and mechanics, which are not to be despised.

* * *

The French Club will meet at the residence of Miss Hettie Hamilton, 202 Jarvis street, this evening.

* * *

Mrs. Pellatt of Sherbourne street gives an afternoon At Home on Tuesday next. In the evening a young people's dance is on the *tapis*, for Mr. Fred Pellatt, who came of age lately.

* * *

Duncan W. Shaw, an old Toronto boy, and now a prosperous resident of Brandon, Man., is visiting friends in Toronto and elsewhere.

* * *

A. Percy Sherwood, Chief of Police, Ottawa, was in the city this week.

* * *

Miss McIntosh, who has been visiting Mrs. McLean, Ontario street, has returned to London.

* * *

Mrs. Neill Rogers of 305 Huron street will be At Home to her friends on Monday next at 4.30.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Britton of 17 Isabella street give a progressive euchre party next Monday evening.

* * *

Mrs. Roaf of Charles street gives an afternoon tea next Wednesday.

* * *

About sixty young people met at the residence of Mr. Fowler on Thursday evening, January 21st. They formed a surprise party who were about to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. McKerihen, 332 Crawford street. They arrived there about half-past eight, and thanks to the efforts of the Committee, Miss E. Fowler, Miss Harrison, Mr. Sydney Walker, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Irvine, everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves till an early hour in dancing and games. Music was fur-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Ladies' Silk Gloves for Evening Wear
12, 16, 20 and 24 Button Lengths, in all the newest shades.
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Evening Robes, Dinner Toilets, Tea Gowns, Opera and Evening Wraps
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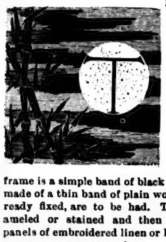

THE Japanese screens are always popular. A pretty one for a parlor has white satin panels lightly embroidered with colored silks. The mount is of Japanese black and gold brocade, and the frame is a simple band of black wood. Frames made of a thin band of plain wood, with hinges ready fixed, are to be had. They can be enameled or stained and then mounted with panels of embroidered linen or Roman satin.

As supports for candelabra and small lamps the stork and ostrich are being used extensively. An example has a stork standing upon a turtle's back. A spray of conventional design curves over the bird's breast and is held in its beak, branching over its back and forming into two flowers in which the candles are held.

Drape the mantel in some way, unless it is a handsome one, and above it place a small picture—at one side, not in the center. Above this drape some harmonious material, and on the other side arrange some pretty fans, or anything else that taste may suggest. Avoid anything like a stiff arrangement with a decided center point, and do not put a pair of anything on the mantel shelf. If there are two vases, let one be tall and slender and the other short and stout, and place them with other bric-a-brac on either side of them.

The card-case has been evolved from a simple pasteboard holder into a costly and beautiful *bijou*. Distributing daintily engraved squares has developed now into an onerous duty, but, though a full half of the visiting done is, after all, a mere paper chase, the hunters insist on artistic accessories. With this end in view, caterers have provided exquisite cases of ivory, silver, choice skins, and embroidered silks. Those who fancy novelty frequently use bits of rare antique stuffs, that are sold at exorbitant prices by the square inch. They match well with eighteen century vests so often seen, and add a touch of grateful color to sombre winter toilets. More conventional callers are content with pale *suede portecartes* decorated with golden iris blooms, or flowers outlined in minute rose diamonds. Others prefer cases of scarlet, navy-blue, or tan leather, with the owner's initials worked out in a ribbon of brilliants, while the most beautiful of all is of ivory *peau de chagrin*, having a gold and diamond dragon rampant in one corner.

Many of the newest sofa cushions are made of beautiful brocades with the pattern embroidered in silks, chenille and gold thread. Some exquisite designs are worked in tapestry stitch, and others in tent stitch on a watered gold or silver ground. The stitches are worked on canvas, laid on the watered material, which is drawn away afterwards. Some have panels of silk, or even lace on silk, carried diagonally between embroidery. Basket stitch as a grounding has been brought out of late, and very large cushions are the fashion.

A novelty in plates for afternoon teas and receptions where refreshments are served has a circular well on one side, into which a coffee-cup will just fit, thus enabling one to hold the plate and cup in one hand and use the fork with the other.

New odds and ends of the toilet noted by La Mode, picture dainty tan *suede* slippers, the toes embroidered with forget-me-nots in tiny pale blue beads. Evening gloves are now worn in twenty-four button lengths, embroidered upon the backs in steel, jet, or silk, to match the toilet for which they are designed. A revival of the Spanish comb was noted some time ago, since when the tall shell ornaments have come greatly into vogue. They require that the hair be dressed high, but the Mother Shipton and Grecian styles show no diminution of popularity. The former may be seen in the three horizontal coils set one above the other surmounted by crown curls, and are always accompanied by a very pointed bang.

With the theater hats and bonnets are worn *jabots*, *fichus*, vests, and inside jackets of *chiffon*, *mousseline de soie*, *crepe de chine*, *crepon*, and the softer silks. Sober cloth gowns are, by the addition of these neck decorations, brightened daintily into harmony with a light bonnet, and an entirely appropriate theater costume is in a trice contrived. In the shops this muslin neck wear is sold all arranged for use; but a woman who is fond of arranging with her own fingers such pretty trifles of the toilet, can, in an evening, fashion from quarter yards of fairy-like materials and lace sufficient *fichus*, etc., to suit her bonnets and gowns.

Head gear continues to flourish and vary as ever. Small single dahlias in velvet have superseded the favorite chrysanthemums so popular some time since. The new flower, in its numerous and rich colors, is used in clusters and showy nosegays on broad-brimmed hats, and is both effective and charming against a neutral background. A stone-color cloth bonnet, brought from Paris as a sample, has a fluted brim, and is trimmed with a small *panache* of black feathers, cream satin rosettes, and wide cream strings to tie under the chin. Wreaths of hedge nuts and brambles look well on long-haired felt shapes, also bunches of wild berries, chestnuts in half-opened burrs with a branch of the foliage. Never has anything been known like the rage for rosettes that riot over the bonnets and hats in every conceivable size and position, ornament dresses, and have even crept outside to decorate dress wraps and mantles. The broad bonnet strings of the moment are pretty and usually becoming, being fastened in a broad bow, and held in the very center by a small jeweled pin. Women with faces to stand picturesque effects are all favoring wide-brimmed hats, and generally massing them with feathers, back and front, and as often as not attaching ribbon strings.

LA MODE.

Home Theatricals.

BEFORE young people "go in" for amateur theatricals, they should fully consider the fact that a good deal of time will have to be devoted to them if they are to be well done. There must be no shirking. And the success of the performances will depend almost as much on the surroundings in which they are given as it will on the ability of the actors.

If the performances are to be given in a private house, the best plan is to select, one if possible, which has double parlors connected with sliding or folding doors. One of these rooms may then be used as a stage while the other gives the audience a place.

It is easy and not expensive to have an artificial floor for the stage, elevated somewhat above the real floor of the room, and such an arrangement adds greatly to the effectiveness of the performance. Unless the rooms and the openings between them are unusually high, however, the stage should not be raised more than a few inches. The great objection which every housewife offers to the use of her parlors for amateur theatricals is that the walls and wood work are likely to be damaged. But any careful carpenter can build such a flooring as I have spoken of without driving a nail. Scantlings (or planks with outriggers at the ends to keep them from tipping, if scantlings do not give enough elevation) may be laid on edge on the floor at intervals of two or three feet as a foundation.

Over these a flooring of boards may be placed, matched lumber being preferable, and secured from shifting by screwing an inch-wide strip across the ends, which, if the boarding runs crosswise of the stage, will be in the wings quite out of sight. It should be remembered that the lumber used in such a stage will not be at all disfigured, and that the carpenter, after the performance is over, may take it away with him again. This materially reduces the expense. In one instance of which I know a stage of this kind was put in for two nights at an expense of $5.

Where double parlors are used the wall space above and at each side of the door opening will serve as a proscenium arch. Tasteful draperies are better for the decoration of this than evergreens, and do not require the driving of so many tacks and nails and the consequent disfiguration of the wall surface.

The curtain is a most important accessory. A curtain which is fitted to a roller seems simple enough, but it is likely to prove complicated at just the wrong time and get stuck. Therefore it is to be avoided. Hanging curtains, which meet at the middle of the stage opening, are best and easiest handled.

But better places for amateur theatricals can be found than the parlors of a private house. The loft of a good sized barn, if it be high and can be heated, offers many advantages, chief of which is plenty of room. Folding chairs can be hired at small expense for the audience, or if greater economy is desired chairs may be contributed for the occasion by the actors and their friends.

In such a case the proscenium arch will, of course, have to be constructed for the occasion. A simple framework leaving an opening not more than fifteen feet wide and twelve feet high above the stage can be easily built by a carpenter, or if the dramatic club is lucky enough to have an ingenious member who doesn't mind turning his hand to that sort of thing, by a member of the club. This framework may be draped so as to hide the region "behind the scenes," as the taste of the fair ones in the club dictates.

Where the performances are given in a room high enough, the stage should be elevated about two feet above the level on which the audience sits. This can be done by substituting "horses" of the required height for the scantling or planks suggested for parlor stages. Great care should be used in building this foundation, as the fall of a stage might cause a very serious accident.

After the stage, proscenium arch and curtain have been arranged for, scenery and footlights are the most important accessories. In theaters the footlights are hidden from the audience by being set in a trough. Such an arrangement is too elaborate for an improvised play-house, so a board about four inches high should be run across the front of the stage as a screen. The footlights themselves may be small oil lamps, if necessary, but where gas is accessible it is better to use it by means of a long pipe, punctured at intervals of three or four inches. If there is gas on the premises it is a simple matter to connect such a contrivance to any near-by jet by means of rubber tubing. A strip of new tin will do very well as a reflector.

The question of scenery is a most important one and one difficult to discuss in the limited space of a newspaper article. The fewer changes of scenery there are for each performance the better. Plays which can be performed with only one stage setting are best for amateurs. Even when the club has enough money to hire or buy two or three cheap sets, it is a question if it were not better to spend the whole on one and get a good one. One of the firms which make a specialty of supplies for amateurs furnishes fairly good scenery painted or printed on strong paper and perforated on frames or unmounted, as may be desired.

I remember that a very satisfactory garden scene, mounted on good frames and ready for use, was purchased for $20 by a dramatic club of which I was once a member. Unmounted, this scene could have been bought for about $10. This scene consisted of a "black cloth" (the perspective view hung at the rear of the stage), two "wings" for each side of the stage (they represented trees, of course) and a border. Borders or "flies" are the pieces of machinery which run across the top of the stage. Blue paper, representing the sky, makes cheap and effective borders. There should be as many borders as there are wings.

If the club doesn't care to spend so much money on its scenery, a sitting-room or drawing-room interior can generally be easily arranged by the judicious use of wall-paper and borrowed carpets and furniture.

Tell Me!

For Saturday Night.

Whisper soft ye breezes blowing,
O'er the nodding meadows light!
Perfumes flower-given bestowing
On the starlit lake to-night.
Whisper soft ye soothing spirits!
Tell me of her, once mine own,
Does she sigh to see me drifting
Wearily, sadly, and alone?
Tell me! Has her love not flown?

Wavelets dancing to the music
Of the spheres which roll above,
Cease a moment, while ye bring me
Messages from my lost love.
Is her heart mine, as of olden,
In the land where she has gone?
Does she sigh to see me drifting
Wearily, sadly, and alone?
Tell me! Has her love not flown?

Sweet wind-whispers, wimpling wavelets
Seem to murmur, "still she's thine."

A. L. MCNAB.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

THE most remarkable thing about the brilliant career of Guy de Maupassant, whose sad mental collapse excites the sympathy of the whole world of novel-readers, is that it was the fruit of the long and industrious literary apprenticeship he served with Flaubert. From that artist he learned to appreciate the truth of Buffon's saying, that "talent is merely continued patience," and verified it in later life by the success that rewarded his pains. For seven years he toiled on under Flaubert's direction, trying his hand at every style of literary workmanship, and knowing that the product of his pen was all designed for the waste-basket—for none of his apprentice work was ever published. Sometimes he re-wrote a description twenty times to satisfy the critical judgment of his literary mentor, but in the end he acquired the consummate accuracy of description and fidelity to nature that characterize and redeem his work. The author is even now only a year or two beyond forty, of medium height and rather stout, and altogether a handsome man.

An Inducement.

Ruralistic Customer—How does it look on me?

Dealer (in hollow whisper)—Mein frent, haf you an enemy?

Ruralistic Customer (amused)—You bet I ha, tha St Perkins——

Dealer (in still more hollow whisper)—You schoost put dot clodings, unt vear it so your enemy vill see it, unt he vos of envy die right off.

The Power of Woman's Beauty.

I know a very handsome woman in New York who is also a clever writer. But I think her beauty is more striking than are her literary talents. But that she has the more powerful of the two factors was aptly illustrated a few days ago. This woman sent a written proposition to one of the metropolitan editors regarding some literary work. In a few days an answer was returned rather curtly declining the work. I happened in shortly after the answer came.

"Now, I will wager," said the woman to me, "that I can make the editor change his mind and take this series of articles at a higher price than I quoted in my letter. Do you doubt it?"

I did, most naturally.

"Come with me, then," said this designing beauty, "and I will show you."

In a few moments she came downstairs arrayed in a stunning gown, which set off her remarkable beauty to a wonderful degree, and, calling a coupe, we were soon in the editor's den. Now, this editor's office is one of the most difficult to penetrate in all New York. But the free *entree* which my friend obtained was something refreshing. In a moment three clerks and secretaries had gone to announce her, and with a succession of the sweetest of smiles, that woman in one short half hour did precisely what we had set out to do—sold in person the same series of articles she had offered by letter to the same editor, who had declined them, and at a third more than the price she gave in her letter

"And now I will lunch with you at Delmonico's," said my delightful friend, and I was quite willing to pay even a Delmonico bill for the experience I had undergone.—*Epoch.*

Out of Sight.

Bleecker—The Philadelphia Biddies are distant relatives of yours, I believe.

Biddle (of Schoharie)—Yes; very distant. They won't even acknowledge the relationship.

Judge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

A man that can vote and won't vote, wouldent fite for his country unless he had to.

Money is a power in politicks, but that would be politicks if thar wasent any money.

I reckon thar would be more morrels in politicks of thar was more demand for them.

Politicks wimmen ain't good for much else.

Wanted the Best.

The Waiter—'Xcuse me, sah, but p'raps dat quail was hung a little too long, sah.

Mr. Wedderbird—Hung! Why, you black chipmunk, ain't my money's good's any one's? Fetch me a snipe killed by lectricity!

A Miss Deal.

Traveler.—Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich.

Waitress.—No?

Traveler.—Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?

Club Gossip.

"Have you heard of Howell Gibbon's latest infatuation?"

"No; what is it?"

"He has become addicted to the chrysanthemum habit."

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Dress Goods at 20c., 25c. and 30c. for 15c.
Jackets from $10 to $5 for $2 50
Jackets from $5 to $3 for $1 50

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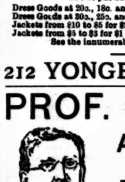

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CHAPTER XVII.

It was an exceptionally hot June and the fresh sea breezes were very enjoyable, but never in her life before had Emily Baillie felt her position so irksome. She could not forget that she was only the governess, and however kind and gracious Mrs. Armitage might be, there was a considerable amount of bitter mixed with the sweets. There were a good many guests in the hotel where they were staying, although it was so early in the season, but Constance held aloof from chance acquaintance and made no new friends.

"I wonder she doesn't find it dull," grumbled Miss Baillie. "Nothing but that perpetual Spa and the little strip of embroidery she busies herself with the whole time the band plays. Only to conceive that there are women who can content themselves with such a negative existence." And she yawned and flung her arms above her head.

It was nearly six o'clock, and Eva had gone out shopping with her mother, and Emily, having first locked her door, had been solacing herself with a French novel. It is doubtful whether Constance, whose knowledge of the French language was purely elementary, would have understood the work, but it is very certain that if she had she would never have waded through a dozen of its pages, and the line she allowed her emotional nature to run away with her common sense, and her greed for unhealthy excitement to override and trample upon every law laid down in the canons of morality and decency, would never have appealed to a woman such as Constance Armitage. She would simply have been disgusted. But Miss Baillie being of another order of woman could and did sympathize with the unfaithful wife and thought her perfectly justified in casting off the yoke and throwing in her lot with a more congenial companion.

"I am getting tired of respectability. It doesn't suit me. A little frown passed across her brow. "What on earth is the good of being a lovely woman if you are never to have the chance of being told so? When I am married to Rupert I will have my revenge. I wonder if that day is ever coming. Why does he not write? He is not treating me fairly. I consented to live for a year in a lady's family that I might perfect myself in the ways and manners of people to whom my life before becoming his wife, but for what I see of fashion or society I might as well have gone into a convent. Not that I am in the least afraid I shall disgrace my position. I am confident that I can hold my own with anyone, and I am a very great deal cleverer and smarter than ever Mrs. Armitage was. I could teach her a lesson or two. In the first place she doesn't know how to make the best of her good looks. Such a dowdy as she is—a touch of rouge makes all the difference. She is too colorless and too insipid. She is one of the women whom men lose their heads for, and go to the devil for, and move heaven and earth to win, and are heartily sick of in a month. A man wants a spice of Nepaul or Cayiare in his married life. Even under the most favorable circumstances there must be a good deal of sameness about it."

A vigorous kick on the panel of the door here put a summary stop to the young lady's reflections. It was Eva—radiant, laughing, her hands full of parcels.

"Oh, Miss Baillie, Aunt Becky has come and brought mamma's nice gentleman with her." Emily's heart gave a sudden leap; it had become very unruly of late.

"What can you mean, Eva?" she asked sharply. "What gentleman?"

"His lordship," answered Eva, curtsying gravely, and mimicing to a nicety old Dyne's voice and manner when speaking of Lord Hardstock, who for some unfathomable reason was a prime favorite with her.

Emily turned aside to hide her agitation. He was here! She would see him in less than an hour. Hurriedly she drew out her best evening dress and proceeded to brush her soft curls. And then she threw open her box and commenced array herself in her most becoming gown, one that had not seen daylight during the time that she had been in West Kensington. It was far too pretty, and there was nothing to dress for there. But to-night she must look her loveliest and best. With fingers that trembled with eagerness she drew the silken lace in and out of the bodice.

"Won't you get cold?" asked Eva, whose bright eyes were fixed inquisitively upon her, and then as she got no answer she added innocently, "What a pity that there wasn't enough stuff to finish it." And she pointed to where, cut square at back and front, it liberally displayed Miss Baillie's fine shoulders.

Mrs. Armitage with some surprise and a good deal of annoyance remarked the change in her governess's appearance. It was in very questionable taste she thought to wear a low dress at a public *table d' hote*. But she said nothing, and both Mrs. Strangways and Lord Hardstock shook hands, and they took their places.

"This is a surprise," cried Miss Baillie, who would have preferred that it should have appeared that she was in ignorance of Lord Hardstock's arrival. But the *enfant terrible* called out at the top of her shrill, little voice:

"I told you all about it. Don't you remember, Miss Baillie?"

Half changed color and Lord Hardstock laughed, and somehow his laugh nettled Miss Baillie. Her food seemed to choke her; she could scarcely swallow. She sat between Mrs. Strangways and Eva, and exactly facing her were Lord Hardstock and Mrs. Armitage. The dinner seemed as if it would never come to an end, and thankful as she rose from her place Eva, who had run on ahead, looked saucily back at her governess, and at the same moment the heavy doors which she had pushed backwards swung to upon her. A shriek, a scream, and Constance had caught Eva in her arms. The child was frightened and very pale but there was no harm done.

"You should not have allowed her to leave your side," said Mrs. Armitage. In her agitation she was scarcely conscious how aggressive her tone was and how much displeasure it conveyed. There were several guests standing near, and Miss Baillie tossed her head and walked deliberately up the long staircase without vouchsafing a single word in reply. She was trembling with anger and furious at Mrs. Armitage for having dared to address her in such a tone.

Shortly afterwards Eva appeared, holding fast her mother's hand. "I think she had better go to bed," said Constance. "Poor mite, it has shaken her. I don't think it would be wise to take her on the Spa to-night."

Emily could have wept. Was there ever such an unlucky series of disasters? To be kept at home all the evening because of this rebellious, tiresome child!

"Miss Baillie will nurse me and tell me a new story," said Eva confidently.

But Miss Baillie did nothing of the sort. She stood silent and unresponsive while Mrs. Armitage gave her orders, and undressed and popped Eva into her bed in a twinkling, much to that young lady's astonishment and chagrin.

"I wish I'd gone out with mamma and auntie," she remarked plaintively.

"Are so you could have done if you had not been disobedient," snapped her governess. "You have been told over and over again not to run about in that heedless fashion, and now you are punished for it."

"I don't think you are very kind," said Eva with a pout, and her eyes filled with tears. And then Miss Baillie took the candle away, and the poor little girl cried herself to sleep. But in the next room I doubt if Emily was in any happier frame of mind herself. It is doubtful whether a moment of pleasure she would have gleaned from accompanying Mrs. Armitage and her sister to the Spa. Lord Hardstock could scarcely have left them unattended to walk by her side, and she felt as if she had been defrauded of her rights, and she worked herself up into a state of wrath thereat. About a quarter past nine the little party returned and Constance ran upstairs to ask after her darling.

"She does not seem any the worse, does she?" she inquired anxiously. "She had a nasty blow on the temple."

"She has been asleep for more than an hour and a half," replied Miss Baillie ungraciously; "many children get that sort of knock every day in the week."

"I am very glad that mine does not."

Constance saw that her governess was ruffled, and so overlooked the insolence of her manner.

"And since I am not likely to be required have I your permission to go out for a short time myself?"

"Most certainly," said Mrs. Armitage. And as she left the room she could not help wondering if she had inadvertently given cause of offence.

"I do not think I like Miss Baillie as well as I did," she confided to her sister as they sat side by side by the open windows in the drawing-room.

"I should certainly give her a hint to dress differently," said Rebecca. "I really never saw such an exhibition. It was positively indecent. I cannot imagine what Lord Hardstock must have thought of it."

"I am afraid that is a matter of supreme indifference to me, but since we are on that subject let me ask you what could have induced you to bring him down here, Rebecca?"

"I bring him down here, my dear! I bring him! Why, it was he who brought me. I told him I thought of spending a week with you here, and he said now odd it was, for that Captain Berkeley was at the Grand, and he rather thought of running down himself. What could I say? I could scarcely find out by what train he was coming and arrange to follow by the next myself."

"No, I suppose not. It is curious how that man always manages to get his own way."

"Still that seems to be preferable, Constance! I thought it had crumbled away months ago."

"I don't think I am a woman easily prejudiced, but I have my likes and dislikes like everyone else. I say that I think it is a pity that Lord Hardstock should have followed me here, and that he should have done so shows want of tact and bad taste on his part."

"I suppose he is only human. After all, why will you shut your eyes, Constance! And why do you try to steel your heart against him? You are bound to give in sooner or later."

"Never—never," cried Constance angrily. "Understand me once and for all, Rebecca. Lord Hardstock is less than nothing to me. I do not like—I can barely tolerate him."

"Why in the world does she try to throw dust in my eyes?" reflected Mrs. Strangways, who might be forgiven for adhering to her own opinions, for neither by word nor look the very roseate shade Lord Hardstock confrived to throw over his relations with Mrs. Armitage. It was an indefinable something more than an inflection of the voice, but it certainly conveyed to Mrs. Strangways' mind that there was far more between the pair of Lord Hardstock than Constance would admit.

"It is a shame," she said to herself. "For he would suit her so well and he is so dreadfully in love, poor fellow."

The "poor fellow" was a mile away, standing at the further end of the esplanade, a cigar between his lips and a ugly scowl on his face, and by his side stood Emily Baillie. She had passed him in the hall as she went out, and had whispered in his ear:

"I must speak to you, follow me at once."

And a pretty tramp she had given him up those steep inclines, but Emily was in no mood for trifling. She had come out herself to have her say and would brook neither listeners nor observers.

"So that have you to say to me?" she asked suddenly, as she wheeled round and faced him.

He might have asked that question of her, as it was she who had cajoled him to this distance.

"Perhaps you will allow me to get my breath before you expect me to talk," answered Lord Hardstock, looking very warm and uncomfortable and decidedly cross.

Had Emily been wise she would have slipped her hand within his arm and waited a better opportunity for indulging in reproaches, but she was so brimful of her own grievances that she lost sight of the discretion that is the better part of valor.

"Why am I to think of you?" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Are you acting fairly to me? Do you treat me as a man should treat his affianced wife? Do you think she has got an utterly sick of it. My love for you has kept me patient until now, but I have come to the other end of my tether. I will not remain with Mrs. Armitage another day, and you must keep your promise and marry me at once."

A mocking laugh broke from Lord Hardstock's lips. "What an actress you would make! By Jove, you are superb! You would bring the house down, Emily. But strange as it may appear, I have no taste for amateur theatricals so we will come down to the level of this work-a-day world. Let me see. You accuse me first of neglecting you, and then, by the way, I think you for get to state precisely what is my second offence—and, lastly, you demand, yes, actually demand that I should marry you at our last hand. It cannot be done, my excellent Emily."

Miss Baillie felt the ground slipping from beneath her feet. The cool sarcasm and utter indifference displayed by the man whom with all her faults she deeply loved, blunted the weapons in her hand and stayed the sharp recrimination on her lips.

"If ever you should again treat me to such an exhibition as this I will never marry you. Do you understand me? Never, by God I swear it!"

He hissed the words into her ears, grasping her hands firmly in his own.

"Do you understand me? I will tell Mrs. Armitage the truth—what you are and what you have always been. I will declare that it was in ignorance of your real character until months after you entered her service, and that moved by compassion and pity I yielded to your importunities and kept silent. I will do what would you have to say for yourself, my dear child?"

He paused say that you were a fiend—that there was no man on all God's earth so vile and base as you."

"I am much obliged to you," said Lord Hardstock, raising his hat politely. "You defy me," he continued, "bid me do my worst?"

Emily did not answer him. Her lips were livid, her face was ashen pale and she leant against the iron railings gasping for breath.

"Emily, don't be a fool. Pull yourself together." He spoke roughly but he was terribly frightened; there was a look of death on the stricken face.

A moment later she was sobbing wildly, the crisis had passed. He held her not ungently in his arms. It was growing dark. There was not a soul in sight. He could feel the quick beating of her heart as it hammered against his own. A tinge of pity woke within h m.

"We have each of us said things that we must regret," he said, "and it will be wise that we should both forget."

Her lips moved, but no words came.

"I will try and see you oftener, but it will be difficult. You must not be impatient—everything will come right if you will but wait." And then he drew her arm within his own and they walked slowly back towards the hotel. As they neared the bridge he paused.

"It will not look well if we are seen returning together. I will follow you."

A scornful smile flitted over her face but she made him no answer.

"Good night, my ..."

"Hush, you have lost all claim to my regard and have no right henceforth to address me but as a stranger."

"Then you mean—"

"I think we have both of us made our meaning so plain that there can be no possible mistake," she said coldly.

"Well, if you will have it so."

He dropped her hand and she continued her way alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It has been truly said that no cord or cable could draw so forcibly and so fatally as love can do with only a single thread, and when pride died out, the old devotion rushed back in a blinding flood upon Emily's aching heart. How mad she had been, how reckless, to cast in her lover's face the affection that had already cost her so dear! She felt that whatever chanced she must cling to him still, for life without him would be but a pitiful thing. Without Lord Hardstock all the warmth and sunshine would fade out of it. For her love's sake she must humble here if and ask for forgiveness.

The sad white face was pleading for itself. Every time he looked at her he longed to draw her to his bosom and kiss the drooping lips. Although he had not the remotest intention of making her his wife he did not want to lose her altogether. She appealed to him—at any rate to his baser nature. Some people get a good deal of satisfaction out of a love that has a spice of devilry, and Emily could be very seductive and very fascinating when she chose.

So when she left a little incoherent note, all blurred and blotted with tears, was thrust beneath his door one night, although he smiled in a superior manner as he contemplated it, he was well pleased that war was at an end between them. And both Emily and Lord Hardstock felt considerably better and more contented after the quarrel than they had been before it. The storm had cleared the air.

Feeling how slight was her hold upon him, Miss Baillie put forth all her woman's weapons and was wonderfully softened and tender. And he well pleased, inasmuch as he had proved himself master, could afford to be conciliatory and indulgent.

Of course she could leave Mrs. Armitage if she chose to do so, but she would hardly find so pleasant a home combined with such light duties elsewhere, and for the short space of time that must elapse before she had a home of her own, it seemed a pity to make a change. Miss Baillie entirely agreed with him; and so everything settled down again.

Mrs. Armitage was puzzled—puzzled and a little troubled. She had written two letters to Basil St. Quentin, but to neither of them had she received any reply. This was strange, because she had heard from Daphne, who constantly made mention of him in her letters, that he was in Paris and in perfect health. It was impossible that she could write again. But it gave her nevertheless a little pang to think that she was forgotten, and she found herself brooding over it, and vainly trying to account satisfactorily for it to herself.

That her bewitching little sister in-law was at the bottom of the whole mystery she never suspected. Daphne's sole object was with characteristic of herself, were like angels' visits, few and far between. She was not a good correspondent, and she hated a pen and ink medium, because it did not allow her to make use of the little mannerisms which her conversation was so full of. But every now and then her conscience pricked her, for she was in reality attached to Constance, and then she would sit down and scribble off a line, which nine times out of ten it was impossible to decipher. Daphne's writing looked a good deal as if a spider had dropped into an ink bottle and crawled over a sheet of paper.

One of these productions came to hand when they had been at Scarborough about a month, and Mrs. Armitage had begun to talk of home. There was a vein of discontent running throughout it which startled Constance.

"Gerald is a perfect tyrant," wrote the little lady, "and grudges me any sort of amusement. I begin to think that single women are a good deal better off than we married ones."

Of course it was a jest, but reading between the lines Constance could see that her sister-in-law was vexed and troubled, and knowing how shallow her nature was, feared the result. Constance sat there with the letter in her hand, and then she came to a sudden resolution. She would invite Daphne to spend a few weeks with her in town. It would be a splendid excuse for returning. Lord Hardstock was still at Scarborough, and did not show the slightest intention of leaving, and the place had lost all charm for her. The little fable about Captain Berkeley had never imposed upon her for an instant. He was not and had never been at the Grand, and the sole reason that had brought Lord Hardstock to Scarborough was the fact that she was staying there. She felt provoked that Rebecca could not or would not see it. To make matters worse, this man was actually under the same roof with herself. He had made a feint at first of taking a room at another hotel, but gave it up at the end of a couple of days. It was noisy, he said, and there was not a nice class of people staying there. He liked her hotel so much better. And then Mrs. Strangways had proposed that he should remove there. Constance could positively have shaken her for her interference. She was very vexed, and when appealed to on the point by her sister remarked with considerable acidity that "Lord Hardstock was the best judge of such matters," and the moment they were alone turned on Rebecca.

"You might have spared me this," she said. "I have a great mind to go back to town tomorrow."

Mrs. Strangways appeared surprised. She found considerable difficulty in understanding why her sister should be so much annoyed, and could see no valid reason why Lord Hardstock should not join their party.

But from that day all pleasure was gone for Constance. Lord Hardstock seemed ubiquitous—she could not escape from his presence. Whatever she did or wherever she went he invariably appeared on the scene. And now at last without giving offence to anyone she had a reasonable excuse for bringing her visit to an end. The very next morning as they sat together on the Spa she broached her plans.

"I had a letter from my sister yesterday," she said quietly, "and I find that she wishes to pay me a visit at once, instead of waiting until August as she at first arranged, so I shall go home on Tuesday."

The band was playing the Tour de Valse and Constance listened a few bars carelessly, but she did not glance at either of her companions.

"What a pity you are going so soon," said Mrs. Strangways. "The sea air is doing the child so much good."

"She shall have another holiday when Arthur comes home. I cannot disappoint Daphne."

And then the value suddenly ceased, and they commenced to toil up the paths towards home.

Constance purposely avoided giving Lord Hardstock chance for a *tete-a-tete*, and condemned herself to a lonely afternoon in her own room, but that was infinitely preferable to being forced to endure fulsome compliments and covert love-making. What little breakaway Lord Hardstock had made in her good graces he had entirely lost since she had seen so much of him, and she disliked him more cordially than she had ever done. He for one was not altogether broken-hearted at having an hour or two to dispose of. For the last few days he had seen nothing of Miss Baillie. Whether it was by accident or design, he could not determine, but she had certainly contrived to keep out of his way, and he began to feel a little piqued. Mrs. Armitage was perfection—an angel!—but he found it somewhat wearisome at times to reach up to her level. "A saint is all very well for a wife," he told himself, "but give me a sinner for a companion." And with this reflection he started in quest of Emily Baillie.

She was sitting in a cosy little summer house half way between the bridge and the Spa. Her hat was on the ground at her feet and a book lay open in her lap. Eva was nowhere in sight. Lord Hardstock stole softly round to the back and whispered in the small pink ear. The girl sprang to her feet.

"How you startled me! I never heard a sound," she cried.

"What are you reading?"

She hid the book among the folds of her dress.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Lord Hardstock, possessing himself of it by main force, "as if I alone I imagine it was Watts' Hymns or the Pilgrim's Progress, or anything else in the goody goody line."

"Pray be cautious. Eva is running up and down and she will be back in a minute." Nevertheless she allowed herself to be drawn closer to his side and gave herself up to the delicious rapture of stolen kisses.

"So you are off to town on Tuesday?"

"I did not know, but I am glad of it."

"And I am glad to see you alone. First and foremost because we can renew the good old times, Emily."

She glanced up at him with grateful eyes, which he made to conceal the pleasure his words gave her. Then they fell to discussing ways and means.

"You will have many chances to get away when Mrs. Gerald is there."

"I doubt it. I am more likely to be tied hand and foot, Robert," she added pensively. "Do you like children? I don't and can't. I dare say it is unnatural and wicked, but I hate them."

He laughed. "I think I am rather fond of Eva," he answered lazily. "She is such a frank little lady."

"I'd like to whip the frankness out of her. A spoilt brat—that is nearer the mark. Mrs. Armitage makes herself ridiculous about her."

"And yet she is not a demonstrative woman."

"No, you could scarcely call her that. She positively freezes me. You have known her a long time; was she always like that?"

"She was always dignified and haughty, but somehow I think she has changed of late."

"It is easy to see that she does not like you, Rupert," she said, in sublime unconsciousness of the torture she was inflicting, "and of course that makes her manner more repellent. I suppose she has a heart and could be made to soften it to something like warmth and light under the right influence."

"I really don't know why you should assume that I am not a favorite with her."

The girl lifted her face to look in his. The resentment in his tone had been somewhat of a surprise to her; it had never occurred to her that Lord Hardstock could care two pins for Mrs. Armitage.

"Perhaps you are a favorite. How should I know?" she replied lightly. "Anyhow she takes a curious way of showing it."

How it maddened Lord Hardstock to know that what she said was true. Men love women in so many different ways. With some it is the wild despairing desire for the unattainable; with others a fierce greed for possession; few—so few that they are hardly worth recording—feel a tender, pitiful sort of a love that is purely selfish, giving all and asking for nothing. It was very pleasant sitting there with the soft leaves of the trees as they kissed the stems for only sound to break the stillness. The air was fragrant with the scent of flowers and Emily was in her most charming mood.

"Miss Baillie," cried a small unwelcome voice at the entrance. "Oh, you have come, how nice," and Eva ran in and perched herself upon Lord Hardstock's knee. It must be confessed that at that moment Lord Hardstock endorsed Miss Baillie's opinion of children in

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general and of Eva in par icular. His face was not particularly amiable as he glanced down at she small torment.

"We are busy talking," he said coaxingly. "Suppose you go up to the flagstaff seat, and look down and see if you can distinguish us from there."

I know I can't. It is too far off," answered Eva, determined not to be humbugged.

Emily laughed. She was glad that Lord Hardstock was baffled, even though it involved a certain amount of annoyance to herself.

"I wonder if you could go to the chalybeate spring and buy me a *Standard?*"

"They don't sell papers there—only buckets and spades."

"Oh, very well, buy yourself the biggest bucket you can find and mind you take sufficient time to choose a nice one."

This was a temptation before which Eva succumbed, and her fat white legs were soon ra ing over the ground.

"Don't hurry, Eva," shouted Lord Hardstock, as he put his hands to his mouth in trumpet fashion. And then he turned to Emily, who was smiling and blushing, well pleased to mark his eagerness. It was certainly the happ'est afternoon that Miss Baillie had spent for many weeks. And she almost persuaded herself that the man she loved loved her in equal measure. But it is folly to wager a woman's fond, foolish heart against an organ of granite such as beat in Lord Hardstock's breast. She was bound to be worsted in the encounter.

"Good-bye, my little devil!" he whispered, as Eva hove in sight with a pail as big as her small self held triumphantly forth.

"When I am your wife I shall not let you call me such names," said Emily. But Lord Hardstock made no answer.

Later on, Eva, in great glee, displayed her prize to her mother. "See," said she, "what Lord Hardstock gave me for running away while he talked to Miss Baillie."

"Oh, Eva, that is a very strange way of putting it." Miss Baillie began to grow rather uncomfortable. Mrs. Strangways' keen eyes were bent upon her, and from that moment Rebecca distrusted her. Whatever children did or did not do, they were, as a rule, given to speaking the truth when they themselves had nothing to hide, and she attached far greater importance to Eva's words than did her sister.

"My dear Rebecca, why should he not enjoy a chat with Miss Baillie?" said Constance. "He has known her intimately for years. There is nothing remarkable in it so far as I can see."

And Mrs. Strangways began to reflect that Constance was the most perplexing and contradictory person she had ever met.

(To be Continued.)

The Story of Hilda.

It was a bright afternoon in Hamburg; as Hilda hastened through the streets to reach the place where she lived, she wished that she could remain in the sunshine for ever, and go with the little brother Karl far away from everything which made her feel so miserable. How different it was only a few years ago, when she was still in the beloved village! But that was before the dreadful fever came to the place, which carried away the dear father and mother almost at the same time, and brought Karl and her to the home of the cruel Frau Becker. The husband of the latter had been a devoted friend of their parents, and when the children were left without means to take care of them he immediately took them to his home. He did this, however, in direct opposition to the wishes of his unamiable wife, and after his death the widow did not conceal the dislike which she bore toward the orphans and that she considered them intruders under her roof. Removing, shortly after her husband died, to this city, she set up a bakery and managed to find continuous work for Hilda and Karl to do in it.

Hilda thought she would not be sorry to leave anyone except Mina, the small girl who waited upon customers in the shop, and who had been kind to her in so many of her troubles. Frau Becker scolded all the time, and even beat her when she did not perform her work to suit her; and did not the rough Max, the son of the widow, torment poor Karl until he cried, and when the latter's sister would run to the little fellow's assistance, give them both two with his fist!

The girl now reached the bakery; entering, she was surprised at seeing no one about. Where might Karl and Mina be! Did the Frau know that the shop was left alone?

The widow was in the back room; but why did she appear so agitated as she advanced toward her!

"Hilda," said the woman, after a moment's silence, "something dreadful has occurred."

"It is Karl," cried Hilda immediately. "Oh, take me to him."

"No, it is not Karl. Hilda, did you take the Herr Von Leipsinger's purse! He is very angry, and says that some one took it from off the counter, where he had placed it. And O, Hilda, no one but you was in the shop when he was here this morning."

The girl gazed helplessly at the speaker. "I want to save you, Hilda," went on Frau Becker rapidly; "and I advise you to run away. I tell you, he is terribly angry, and he will have you arrested if he does not find the purse soon."

"Oh, Frau Becker," exclaimed Hilda passionately, "how can you say such wicked things! The noble Herr cannot think that I am a thief! He was always so good and kind when he came in here to buy."

"Very well," returned the woman coldly. "I have warned you. My duty is done."

Could it be possible! Was Frau Becker only trying to frighten her! But no; the widow did not deal in jests of any kind. It must be true; but a horrible mistake. She would tell the Herr so when he returned to the place to put her in prison, and beg his permission to help look for the purse. And he could not help but believe her; she did not look like a thief; all would be well again. But where was Karl! She must tell him all about it; yet how frightened the little fellow would be!

"Frau Becker, where is Karl?"

"I do not know," answered the widow sullenly. "He was here when the Herr scolded about the purse; I suppose he was afraid to return to the house, and wandered away, for I last saw him, shortly afterward, in the street.

Ran away, perhaps, in his fear! Lost in the great city! Had never been out in it except when accompanied either by Mina or herself! How frightened he would be when he found himself alone in some gloomy street!

"You are going!" demanded the Frau eagerly, as the girl moved toward the door. "Do you wish to take anything with you You ought not to come back very soon."

"I am going to look for Karl," replied Hilda, with dignity. "I am not running away; for I did not take the purse. Oh, tell the Herr that, if I do not come back."

Again in the street Hilda hesitated a moment as to what she should do, and then, almost instinctively, she walked rapidly toward one of the promenades along the waters of the Alster. Often had she been there with Karl, when happily permitted to escape from the bakery and its evils; and while she would watch the movements of the crowds about her, the little boy would amuse himself with the swans in the water along the way, holding out often bits of bread toward the beautiful creatures, and shouting with happy laughter when they snatched them from his hand.

There was Karl's favorite swan now! Larger, and to the eyes of the enraptured boy, more graceful than its companions, he gave it the application of the "Water Prince." Never did it deserve that title more than now, as it glided so knowingly toward the place where Hilda stood, as if it knew that she was Karl's sister, and could love it for his sake.

A sudden idea took possession of the girl; her brother's pet should help her in the search. If she could do it. Yes, she must try.

Useful as Well as Ornamental.

There's nothing like an umbrella lamp in the house when the pipes burst.

She wore a green scarf, which belonged once to the mother; she prized it accordingly. Feverishly unloosening it from about her throat, she hastened to the nearest place along the shore where the railing for practicable reasons is left away, and tenuingly held out her hand towards the swan. Ah, Hilda, you have never deceived thus before! Alluring it until it reached the shore, the girl suddenly seized the "Water Prince" with both hands, and in spite of its struggles succeeded in tying the scarf about its long, smooth neck.

Nervously did Hilda walk along the promenade, watching every movement of the swan before her; often did she tremble lest some one would notice the scarf and perhaps take it away, as the "Water Prince" drew very near to the shore, still struggling to get rid of it.

It was with no little amount of fear, therefore, that she noticed two persons, in front of her, approach the railing and gaze curiously at the object of her anxiety; her terror knew no bounds when one of them, who seemed to be a very young boy, gave a cry of surprise, and his companion, an elderly gentleman, made his way rapidly toward one of the landings along the promenade, and seizing the "Water Prince" unceremoniously by the neck, soon held up the scarf triumphantly in his hand. What would be done with her for doing such a thing as that? Oh, it was perhaps worse than being thought a thief; for the Herr was not so unkind, and for the sake of Karl, whom he called his "little friend" and "favorite," he might believe her.

But who would think that she was telling the truth when she told why she put the scarf about the swan's neck? Oh, they might think she was crazy, like the old apple woman who used to be at the corner yonder, and send her to the place where they placed such people, and where she would die of fright the first night!

Yes, she must have the scarf, for was it not all that she had of her mother's things? And she cried: "O, please, sir, it is my scarf! I did not mean any harm! Ask him to give me my scarf, kind boy."

"Why, what's this," a deep yet kind voice demanded; while another—a sweet childish one—cried joyfully: "Hilda, we have been looking for you everywhere!"

"Karl, Karl, is it you?" And a little boy was clasped in the arms of a sobbing young girl, who poured forth her sorrows of the afternoon, and fears that she would not see him again, with the desperate manner that she took of finding him, and last, but above all, her joy in seeing him once more.

"So you did not receive our message!" Hilda had forgotten about Karl's companion; she looked up confused in answer to this question, and when she recognized the speaker, she sank upon her knees before him.

"Oh, Herr Von Leipsinger, I did not take your purse."

The man before whom she was kneeling looked thoughtfully upon her. "I might have expected this, donkey that I am; the woman is a far better schemer than I am. Rise up, my girl, no one thinks that you are a thief."

Then gently leading the girl to a bench, not far away, Herr Von Leipsinger seated himself between them; placing an arm around each of them he bade them with affected sternness, not to speak a word until he had said all he wished to say. "In the first place," he said laughingly, "I am going to set Hilda's troubled mind at rest; for I believe she thinks that I am just keeping her here until the men come who are going to take her to prison." He then began to explain the affairs of the purse.

Shortly after Hilda left the shop, bent upon an errand for Frau Becker, he went to the bakery for the second time during the day, to purchase some cakes for the children of a former faithful servant, who had recently died. Placing his purse upon the counter and going in the back room to see if anyone was there, for no one seemed to be in the shop, he returned to the latter place just in time to see Master Max, who must have been hiding behind the counter, rush precipitately out the door; when he looked for his purse, it was gone.

The widow entering the place soon after, he related the theft to her, when she denied that her son was capable of being guilty of such conduct, and declared that if anyone was a thief it was Hilda. He angrily left the bakery, threatening to prosecute the thief. Meeting Karl and Mina in the street he took the former with him for a walk, and bade the latter to tell Hilda when she should return to meet her Evening unloosening it from about her throat, she hastened to the nearest place along the shore where the railing for practicable reasons is left away, and tenuingly held out her hand towards the swan. Ah, Hilda, you have never deceived thus before! Alluring it until it reached the shore, the girl suddenly seized the "Water Prince" with both hands, and in spite of its struggles succeeded in tying the scarf about its long, smooth neck.

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Balked.

Ruthington (who has been scooped by the races, jilted by his best girl, and left out of his uncle's will, all in one day)—There is at least one soft resting place for me—the river!

Officer Kerrigan—Ot wouldn't go in on thot side o' th' dock, young feller. It's jam full o' Haverstraw brick-scows.

The only mild
Stimulant, combined with
a Perfect Food, known today is

PEPTONIZED

ALE AND BEEF!

The BEEF gives Blood and Muscle; the PEPSIN aids
Digestion; the ALE nourishes the system.

☞ Put up in Pint Bottles.
For sale by all Druggists.
Price 25cts.

Deceptive Appearances

A Beauport farmer, in 1796, conveying to Quebec a load of firewood, met on the ice on the St. Charles River an elderly man, wrapped up in a great coat the worse for usage, and wearing an old marten cap; his red, bleared eyes were watery. Jean Baptiste took compassion on the woebegone wayfarer, who appeared tired, and said:

"You look fatigued, *pere;* my vehicle is not so very grand, but you will fare better on top of my load than trudging in this heavy snow."

The wayfarer gladly assented, and took his seat on the load, when a lengthy conversation was exchanged between him and the kind-hearted farmer.

On the sledge reaching the foot of Palace Hill, the farmer was rather surprised to see that his new acquaintance, without apparent regard for his horse, did not dismount, but concluded that the poor old fellow was quite exhausted by fatigue, and that, as his mare was very strong, she would not mind the additional weight.

"Guard, turn out!" roared the sentinel on duty, as the sledge passed the city gate.

The elderly man raised his cap.

Jean Baptiste looked around, saw the military man near, and also raised his red toque, saying, "Civility must be returned." The farmer drove on through Fabrique street to the wood market, which in those days stood on the square opposite the Basilica, conveying on his load his new acquaintance.

"Guard, turn out!" cried the sentry at the entrance to the old military Jesuits' barracks (long since removed).

The aged man saluted the guard and also returned the respectful salutation of several citizens standing by.

Jean Baptiste again raised his toque, saluting both the guard and the citizens, apparently quite pleased to note the progress of good manners in the city since his last visit.

Finally he stopped his mare, when his new acquaintance descended with alacrity, thanked his kind friend for his kindness, and slipped a coin into his mitten. He had nearly disappeared in the distance when some one ran out and met the wayfarer, who handed over much the governor had paid him for the ride.

"What governor?" asked Jean.

"Our governor, man. What alls you! Wake up!"

"Oh, you can't fool me with your cheap jests," said Jean.

The other laughed.

"Look in your mitten," said he.

Jean did so, and much amazed pulled out a gold coin.

"To think I was all the time under the impression of having merely done a charitable deed!" he said. "Never will I judge of men by their appearance after this."

For Biliousness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. B. Gillies, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I have used it in a typical case of indigestion with biliousness, and found it to be, without exception, the best thing I ever used in such cases."

Open Confession.

"Here," said an angry pawnbroker to the dude, "why don't you pay me, and take out your watch?"

"I can't," replied the dude.

"Well, you are the worst I ever saw."

"I guess I am," cordially admitted the dude. "I haven't a single redeeming quality."

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt: "Constantine, Mich., U. S. A., Feb. 15, 1897. Was troubled thirty years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About eight years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about fourteen applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years. D. M. REARICK."

Certainly.

"Do the cars run to the park all the time?"

"No, sir," said the conductor; "only half the time."

"That's funny," said the stranger. "How does it happen?"

"It takes the other half for to run back," was the answer.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a graceful, well-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

His Profession.

"And so you're married, Bridget?"

"Yes, mum."

"What does your husband do?"

"An' shure, mum, he is a railroad director?"

"A railroad director? Why, that is a very important position. Are you quite sure it is that?"

"An' faith an' doesn't he stand all day at the railroad directing people to the cars?"

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

An Eighteen-Karat Gentleman.

Mrs. Ipstein.—Vot for are you bowing and scraping to dot man from Kalamazoo, oh! Mr. Ipstein.—No, dot is Mr. Soaker; he has been dree monts by dot Kelley Cure, und his system is chock full oh! gold.

CANCER

It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and pleasant treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

STOTT & JURY
BOWMANVILLE, Ont.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pills. Small Doses. Small Price.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

Makes Hard Water Soft.
Makes White Clothes Whiter.
Makes Flannels Soft and Clean.
Makes Fruit Stains Vanish.
Makes Tin Like Silver.
Makes Paint Like New.
Makes Glassware Brilliant.
Makes Earthenware Spotless.
Makes Windows Like Crystal.
Makes Baths and Sinks Clean and Bright.

THE ONLY ARTICLE THAT WILL CLEAN ZINC.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

Antiseptics, Surgical Dressings

Sanitary Towels, Rubber Bandages, Abdominal Belts and Fresh Vaccine
Always in stock at

FLETT'S DRUG STORE
482 Queen Street West
Telephone 664.

CLEANLINESS.—Capilline is the cleanest hair restorer known until now. It will keep the scalp clean and consequently prevent the hair from falling out.

His Logic.

"Pat, Pat, you should never hit a man when he is down!" "Begorra, what did I work so hard to get him down for!"

Poor Thackeray.

"I think, too, sir," said the salesman, "that you ought to have a complete set of Thackeray's works."

"All right; put them in," replied Nubuddy. "Let's see. That reduces the space how much! What's Thackeray's width!"

Another Point of View.

Miss Athenia Hubbs (before the Venus of Milo)—What symmetry! What beauty! What an ideal of loveliness!

Miss Bacon (Chicago)—And how sad to think that she should be a Dago!

Magnificent Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York, via Erie Ry.

The Erie have had two of the finest sleepers made that money would buy, especially for this run. They leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m. daily, except Sundays, arriving in New York early next morning. Beautiful dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further information apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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A Strange Similarity.

RECENTLY in SATURDAY NIGHT there appeared a brief humorous sketch entitled, Notary Vogel's Joke. It has sometimes been remarked that there are certain legends and jests common to all languages; but I think there was never a more striking instance of the truth of this assertion than is to be found in the present case. In the opening paragraphs of his essay on Mr. Robert Montgomery's poems, Lord Macaulay relates the following fable, which he credits to Pilpay, the Sanskrit Æsop. Notary Vogel's Joke was credited to the German. Readers will observe what a striking resemblance the eastern fable bears to the western:

"A Pious Brahmin, it is written, made a Vow that on a certain Day he would sacrifice a Sheep, and on the appointed Morning he went forth to buy One. There lived in His Neighborhood three Rogues who knew of His Vow and determined to profit by it. The first met Him and said, 'O, Brahmin, wilt Thou buy a Sheep? I have One fit for sacrifice.' 'It is for that very purpose,' said the Holy Man, 'that I came forth this Day.' Then the Impostor opened a Bag and brought out of It an unclean Beast, an ugly Dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out, 'Wretch, who touchest Things impure and utterest Things untrue, callest Thou that Cur a Sheep?' 'Truly,' answered the Other, 'It is a Sheep of the finest Fleece and of the sweetest Flesh. Oh, Brahmin, It will be an Offering most acceptable to the Gods.' 'Friend,' said the Brahmin, 'either Thou or I must be blind.'

"Just then one of the Accomplices came up. 'Praised be the Gods,' said the second Rogue, 'that I have been saved the Trouble of going to the Market for a Sheep! This is such a Sheep as I wanted. For how Much wilt Thou sell It?' When the Brahmin heard this, his Mind waved to and fro, like one swinging in the Air at a holy Festival. 'Sir,' said He to the Newcomer, 'take Heed what Thou dost: this is no Sheep, but an unclean Cur.' 'O, Brahmin,' said the Newcomer, 'Thou art drunk or mad.'

"At this Time the third Confederate drew near. 'Let Us ask the Man,' said the Brahmin, 'what the Creature is, and I will stand by what He shall say.' To this the Others agreed: and the Brahmin called out, 'O, Stranger, what dost Thou call this Beast?' 'Surely, O, Brahmin,' said the Knave, 'It is a fine Sheep.' Then the Brahmin said, 'Surely the Gods have Mercy upon my Senses,' and he asked Pardon of Him who carried the Dog and bought It for a Measure of Rice and a Pot of Ghee, and offered It up to the Gods, who, being wroth at this unclean Sacrifice, smote Him with a sore Disease in all the Joints."

J. A. T.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The instance narrated above is interesting because it illustrates the fact, which Mr. Baring Gould has proved, that nearly all folk-lore may be traced back to the Sanskrit, strong evidence that the human race sprang from the people who spoke it. The story, Notary Vogel's Joke, was adapted from a continental almanac which is very popular among the peasantry of Southern Germany and Switzerland.

The Drama.

BLUE Jeans, which is being presented at the Grand this week, is a somewhat theatrical story in a fresh and almost idyllic setting. Rural Indiana is, I think, a locality which has not hitherto been presented on the stage, and it gives a picturesque effect to the play. There is barbecue and a Hoosier dance, but regrettably the characters include but three distinct Hoosier types, old Mr. and Mrs. Tutewiller, and Col. Henry Clay Risener, a political aspirant. The story is of a rich young Indianian, Perry Bascom, who has a congressional ambition. In a foolish moment he secretly marries a flashy, "white trash" girl named Sue Eudaly. After his marriage with her he discovers that Sue already has a husband, a Richard White, and has committed bigamy. He has bitterly repented his folly in marrying her anyway and is only too glad an excuse to discard her, and in turn falls in love with June, a nameless poorhouse girl who has been adopted by an old cobbler, Jacob Tutewiller. There is one beautiful love scene beneath an apple tree in Perry Bascom's orchard, on the day of the political picnic and barbecue, when June consents to marry Perry. Old Tutewiller is loath to let June marry Bascom. A Bascom, whom he believes to have been Perry's father, had robbed him of his daughter years before, but June still clings to her lover. She delivers to Tutewiller a letter which her own mother had given her before she died and which was to be read to the man whom June married. Then follows an incident which disgusts all the finer sensibilities of an audience and looks at first sight like a story from the New York *Town Topics*. The letter apparently reveals the fact that June is Perry's sister, and settles it conclusively that she is the granddaughter of old Tutewiller, the child of the girl whom a Bascom had betrayed. This incident is altogether aside from the plot and is but introduced that the second act may end with a sensation. It is afterwards shown that June is but the cousin of Perry, his uncle's child, but the audience has had about ten minutes to become thoroughly disgusted with the play and though the status of the performance is speedily recovered, this incident, but a suggestion though it be, is a loathsome and unsound spot in the play.

The third act shows Perry and June married and Sue Eudaly seeking for revenge. It is the day before election and Sue comes to Perry's saw mill and threatens to expose him in the morning papers and so blight the success of his party if he will not cast off June and promise to go away with her. He tells her that she has a husband, but she laughs at him and tells him to produce White. June appears and overhears, but she stands by her husband, says that Bascom's political party shall not be defeated and attempts to imprison Sue in the mill until after election, and spike her roorback. By her agility Sue succeeds in imprisoning June in the small office and the foreman, Ben Boone, a lover of hers, coming to her aid, Sue escapes to inform the papers and settle Bascom's defeat. Ben Boone grapples with Perry and in a fit of jealous rage he lays his stunned body on the carrier of the buzz-saw and starts the machinery. The real saws are whizzing away and the audience is breathless as Bascom's body is slowly borne towards them. The imprisoned June, however, smashes the office door with a stool, rushes out and stops the machinery just in time. This sawmill scene is one of the finest pieces of realistic representation ever seen in this city and has the merit of not being forced into undue prominence. There is real sawdust and real boards are sawed, and the suspense is really terrible. One is fearful that June will not get out in time and that the leading actor will really get cut in two. Though this scene has not the highest kind of dramatic interest, it is certainly striking and realistic enough for all. Things are cleared up in the last act. White turns up in the person of Jim Tutewiller, a negro minstrel, who had married Sue under his stage *alias* when she was a circus snake charmer. The minor plot motives are rounded off, and everyone is happy. The characters of the play are most of them the creatures of the situation, but they are picturesque in appearance, and there are a couple of excellent and unhampered character sketches. Profiting by Nym Crinkle's advice, perhaps, the author, Joseph Arthur, has made his instances follow one another fast and furious. The dialogue is good, the humor original and sometimes a little overdone and the pathos delicately done The construction is particularly excellent.

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The author's departure from melodramatic methods may be observed in the absence of a villain. Ben Boone, who throws Perry on the saw mill, is a decent fellow at heart, a somewhat light-hearted and roystering youth who is carried away by rage when he thinks that Bascom alone stands between him and Sue. Mr. Herbert Carr, who played the part, is a powerful actor, who is defective in facial expression. Much is demanded in the *role*, and Mr. Carr was excellent both as rural buffoon and in his heavy work as the almost murderer. The same versatility was demanded in the part of June. In the first two acts Miss Laura Burt is a light soubrette, and in the last two has pathetic and emotional work. Miss Burt does it all well but her *forte* is comedy and in the first act she was almost as good as Lotta. Her actions when she "shot at a squirrel, killed a cow and shot a man," were particularly funny and she has a great deal of magnetism. Perry Bascom was well represented by Lawrence Hanley. Sue Eudaly had my sympathy. Bascom didn't treat her very well anyway and Miss Harriet Ford, though she exaggerated her action somewhat, did good work in this part. Mr. Arthur Moreland was very fine as the unctuous Col. Bisener. His colonel is a study from the life. Mr. Charles Stedman and Miss Ray Eveleth were excellent as Jacob Tutewiller and his wife. They were well made up and spoke the Hoosier dialect with ease. Miss Alice Leigh was a very good comedienne and her Mrs. Hankins was very funny. Miss Flora Arthur was a pretty Nell Tutewiller and also Dutch servant maid. Mr. C. K. French was an exceedingly natural minstrel, and Mr. W. E. Crandall was funny as Ike Hankins. The playing of the nondescript Rising Sun Roarers band was excellent.

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There were a few things about Blue Jeans that made me wonder. I wondered why a Dutch servant maid out in Indiana happened to be able to sing lines from Owen Meredith's Lucile. I wondered how it was that the Rising Sun Roarers happened to know the wonderful Torreador song from Carmen. I wondered how a comely woman like Mrs. Hankins could have experienced seven husbands and have a twenty year old son, at least, by the last one, unless like the woman of the parable, she had married seven brothers. And here I wondered most of all. I wondered why the author didn't give old Jacob Tutewiller better luck with his ten children. Seven died, one went astray, and the two remaining ones came home fully intending to deceive their parents. I wondered, too, why Miss Flora Arthur didn't do her skirt dance earlier and conduct herself in a manner more suitable to a scene of domestic bliss such as the curtain went down on.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is rumored that Patti will give Mascagni's new opera, Friend Fritz, before she leaves this country.

Two young men were arrested in Versailles for hissing a play. The magistrate who tried the case discharged them, saying they had a right to hiss if they wanted to.

Next week at the Grand the famous Dutch comedian, Gus Williams, will appear in Keppler's Fortunes. At the Academy the comedy Niobe will re-appear during the first three nights.

On the nights of February 4, 5 and 6 the Lacrosse Club Minstrels will perform at the Academy. This will be one of the funniest and most locally interesting events of the season.

Augustin Daly announces that he will shortly produce a new comedy by Justin H. McCarthy. This is the younger man of that name—not the historian. Mr. Daly also gives notice of a new comedy written by himself, soon to be brought forward.

Beerbohm Tree has been lecturing on Some Fallacies of the Modern Stage. He discussed Ibsen, Maeterlinck, the literary drama, the Independent theater, the actor-manager and the Sunday question. One of the fallacies of the modern stage is that any actor can lecture.

On Thursday evening next a benefit concert will be tendered to Mr. W. J. Dill, the popular usher of the Academy, who met with so painful an accident some time ago. Mr. Dill is but now able to leave the Hospital, and it is hoped that many will be able to attend. The concert is in the Auditorium, and reserved seats will be fifty cents each and may be procured at the box office three days in advance.

Mr. S. H. Clark announces his annual dramatic recital for February 1 at Association Hall. Mr. Clark is always sure to introduce some elocutionary classic on his programme, and this year he promises the great Forum scene from Julius Cæsar and Poe's famous Bells. The rest of his numbers are new selections, including some rare pieces of humor. There will no doubt be a large audience to greet him. The plan of seats is open at Nordheimer's.

There are said to be two unacted farces by the late J. Maddison Morton, An Old Flame, and Miss Wigg's Water Party, but probably they were in French usage before Morton stole them, for the farces which he penned were hardly ever more than translations, like Box and Cox. E. E. Kidder has written a play with a fishermaiden heroine for Annie Lewis to impersonate. Frank Daniels is going to use a farce from the French, and the same prolific source of transfer will provide a serious piece for Robert Mantell. The play which Emma V. Sheridan has made for Mansfield, and which he will produce at the Garden Theater in New York in March, is not so much a dramatization of Ten Thousand a Year as an attempt to put Tillebat Titmouse, the book's hero, on the stage in a force suitable for Mansfield impersonation. The fellow will be made lovable and good-hearted, instead of caddish and contemptible. Marion Mather will next month try an adaptation of one of Victor Hugo's works. An opportunity to settle a question of originality or plagiarism will be afforded by the revival of Eloped with a Circus Man, the circus play which is at war with the arenic drama, The Country Circus, in Philadelphia next week. But is either play original? Rhea has recently presented Catherine Howard as a new play. It is only a revision of the older Dumas' graphic story of the fifth wife of Henry VIII. Years ago Frederick B. Warde played in this drama in Europe.

Art and Artist.

THE exhibition of sketches held by the Ontario Society of Artists has been largely attended this week, and it is certainly an interesting exhibit. The exhibit is really divided into two parts: Those sketches exhibited by artists and pupils at large which cover the west, south and east walls, and the collection exhibited by the members of the Art Students' League. Of course the latter exhibit must necessarily be the most pretentious and elaborate, because the chief object of the League is the study of drawing and of fine black and white work rather than the production of pictures; the balance of the exhibition on the other hand being of a totally different character and for the most part composed of studies and rough sketches by men having in view the production of larger works. Some good names are missed, Homer Watson's for instance; Carl Ahrens', although there are some attempts by others to arrive at his well known evening effects; McGillivray Knowles', and among the League members, William Bengough's.

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A most attractive display is that of Mr. Matthews. It is well known that Mr. Matthews produces his best pictures on a small board, and his mountain and wood sketches are excellent. The coloring of Hermit Mount, Rainy, is particularly fine. The charcoal sketches made by Mr. D. Fowler in 1835 and 1837 are very interesting. They show an enthusiasm, though withal, a softness and delicacy of treatment, rare now a days. It were well to mention also the beautiful relation of tone between the background and the drawing itself. Mr. Verner's animal sketches have a harsher effect, and although well drawn suffer because, though color has been applied to the figures, not a dash of it even has been allowed for the background. Mr. J. W. L. Forster's oil sketches are somewhat disappointing, for though they seem to have been finished with some pains they are thin in tone and have nothing characteristic about them. Mr. F. L. Foster has a very creditable exhibition of water color and other sketches, and Mr. W. Cutts shows four excellent oil sketches. Mr. Henry Martin has a display which is for him unusually good. The Roslyn Chapel sketch and the Long Island one are particularly attractive both in color and technique. Miss S. S. Tulley's oils are in her well known vigorous method, and Mr. R. F. Gazzen has some very pretty water colors. Miss Cawthra has some water colors of an excellence unusual in an amateur. Two of her sketches, one a painting of boats, are of particular excellence. Mr. Jacobi's sketches are a delight to those who enjoy his peculiar originality in color effects. Though somewhat wooly in touch they are very striking. Mr. Wilkinson has a fair collection, that of the Lewiston Railroad by moonlight being very good. Mr. W. A. Sherwood's exhibit is very interesting, the portrait sketches of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, The Khan and the brother of David Livingstone being well executed and attractive to all comers. There is a pastel of a St. Bernard Dog also, which is one of the best things in the room. Miss May Martin and Mr. T. Mower Martin have a very fair collection, some of the latter's landscapes being particularly well executed. The sketches of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid are the most distinctly representative and characteristic of what the exhibition aimed to be. The studies for two classical subjects are interesting, and the studies for Logging give an insight into Mr. Reid's methods. The few pictures by Mr. Challener and others of Mr. Reid's pupils are but fair. It is noticeable that all Mr. Reid's pupils imitate with somewhat equivocal success his use of the blender, and their blurred outlines seem an attempt to hide bad drawing. Mr. Reid also exhibits a splendid little sketch by Paul Peel, which is his property. Mr. Wylie Grier has several splendid oil sketches. They include A Cornish Valley, a very characteristic portrait of Mr. Sam Blake, jr., and a moonlight scene, all of which are very attractive both in color and execution. Mr. J. A. Radford has some clever water colors, good in color and done in a dashy manner; Mr. G. Hahn's sketches show bold design and thorough knowledge of anatomy; Miss Windeat has some fair water colors; Messrs. Reford and Bridgeman make a good exhibit, and the Central Ontario School of Design has some interesting charcoal studies from the antique.

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The Art Students' League exhibit is very fine. The earnest and painstaking young men who chiefly compose the League deserve all praise for the improvement that they are bringing about in drawing in this city. Mr. C. M. Manly's collection is, of its kind, the finest in the room. His pen and ink work is vigorous and effective, and his water color sketch, Elcampane, is particularly beautiful. The Niagara River in a Storm was also very fine. Mr. A. H. Howard's flower studies are delicately handled, and Mr. R. Holmes' designs afford a good contrast in their bold and vigorous handling of black *en masse*. The latter's pen and ink sketch, The Kitchen Garden, is of great beauty. Mr. Holmes does not handle a large subject so well, however. Mr. C. W. Jeffreys has some fine drawings. The Old Fort and A Fence Corner deserve especial mention. Mr. O. S. Staples has some vigorous animal sketches. Mr. W. D. Blatchley's work shows some promise, and that of Messrs. Kelly, D. F. Thomson, Brigden and Cotton also deserves mention. Altogether the exhibition is one of great excellence.

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I have received a circular for 1892 from The Women's Art Club, which shows a successful record for the past year. The Club have taken up new quarters in Room 98 Canada Life Building, and on Monday, Feb. 1st, an exhibition will open and continue until the 6th. The private view is to-day, and the collection should be interesting.

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Miss Helen Merrill of Picton sat for a miniature portrait to Mr. Sherwood this week. As Mr. Sherwood is a poet-artist there is a bond of fellowship between himself and many of his sitters.

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I paid a visit recently to the studio of Mr. E. Wylie Grier. Mr. Grier is a strong acquisition to the art circles of Toronto, and it is as a portrait painter that he is entitled to most prominence. His methods differ somewhat from most Toronto portrait painters, one of them being to put the atmosphere between the spectator and the person he depicts. The best feature of his portrait work is the pervading harmony of color which he attains. Instead of putting a head against a very dark or black background, he chooses some color harmoniously related to that of the figure he is delineating and gives his whole picture one pleasing, almost exquisite tone. I saw his portrait of a Physician, which met with such success in the English Royal Academy last year, and a portrait of a lady, which is quite as fine. Mr. Grier's knowledge of drawing enables him also to produce a fine and characteristic portrait by the simple means of charcoal. In his pictures, too, Mr. Grier possesses a certain quality of grace and sweetness. His The Fates: a Rehearsal, is as charming a picture as I have seen for a long time. It represents three pretty village girls in classical costume rehearsing a tableau, and is full of harmony both in color and composition. Mr. Grier is an artist worth keeping in Toronto, and I hope to write of more of his pictures in these columns.

CHAD.

Histories of Words.

Here are a few words which we use every day without a thought of their original meaning. Gazette—is from the name of an old Venetian coin, worth about a cent and a half—the sum charged for a reading of the first Venetian newspaper, a written sheet which appeared about A.D. 1550. Excruciating—pain, like that of a person "crucified." How carelessly we use this word of terrible meaning! Milliner—a native of Milan, Italy, once famous for its manufactures of silks and ribbons. Terrier is a dog that pursues animals to their burrow in the earth (Latin *terra*). Stalwart—that is "worth stealing"—a war term, meaning Saxon, a fine soldier worth making a prisoner. Salary—at first money given to soldiers to buy salt with. In the same way, emolument was an allowance of meal. Muscle—a "little mouse," referring to its appearance under the skin. Explode—to applaud out, as children "clap out" a boy or a girl in the familiar game of that name. You will find the word used in that way, if you care to look, somewhere in the eleventh book of Milton's Paradise Lost. Good-bye—"God be with you."

Obeying Orders.

Spatts—Mr. Dingbatts, I er-I love your daughter and ask your consent—

Dingbatts—Why, sir, she's only seventeen. I can't think of her marrying yet. Wait till she's twenty.

Spatts—Very well, sir.

(He sits down and begins to wait.)

Unprofitable Services

Junior Practitioner—I respectfully object, your honor, to being assigned as counsel for the prisoner. The last one I defended at your request never paid me a cent.

The Judge—Can't you collect your fee?

Junior Practitioner—No, your honor. They hung the man.

A Proper Simile.

"She is a perfect Amazon."

"Why do you say that? She is not at all like the Amazons of old."

"Oh, no; I mean like the river. She has a large mouth and babbles on forever."

On the Moor.

For Saturday Night.

As one who wanders on a moor at night
Seeking the home-light that shall guide him home,
Till, blinded by the darkness beating down
From the unmoving vault o'er all the earth,
He sees a hundred false, imaginary lights
One after other, and the way is lost,—
The true light mingled with the false—so that
He knows not which be true and which be false,
But weary falls asleep in deep despair,
And lies till morning wakes and shows to him
The great ur quenchable light shining o'er all
And close at hand the home he sought by night,
Yet seeking fail'd to find: even so the soul,
Benighted here, wanders in search of truth,
Confus'd by will-o'-the-wisps, and shall not know
Which light be true, which light be false, until
The future morn of God break thro' the night,
Showing the haven of the soul at hand.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Girls Together.

For Saturday Night.

O, loves, that witness others passed
From memory, heart and story,
Whose well springs have our heart bloom stayed
As monumental glory!
Sweet loves, true loves!
Brightening every weather;
Their magic charm was o'er us cast
When we were girls together.

What bounding hearts and locks demure
Took place of prep r worry;
Life's burden was an endless song,
Grief's imitation sorry;
Sweet joy, kind joy!
Brightening every weather;
Oh! Love's Young Dream was written sure
For happy girls together.

Though Hymen's bonds may bless or blast,
The boon not their bestowing,
True camaraderie of life
Is only for the loving.
Live girls, dear girls,
Brightening every weather;
True to the present as the past
The loves of girls together.

What songs to sing! what dreams to dream
Of life ideal ever;
Other than perfect womanhood
We contemplated never.
Pure loves, blest loves,
Brightening every weather;
But once this life holds charm supreme,
That's when we're girls together.

IDRIS.

The Old Man's Serenade.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet Ioline, when waves of gold
Around thy snowy temples roll'd,
And smiles illumin'd those dear eyes
Like sunshine sweeping summer skies,
Thou wast to me what roses are,
Yes, more, thou wast my life, my star;
I lov'd thee then, I lov'd thee so,
I lov'd thee then, long years ago.

Sweet Ioline, since locks of snow
Around thy saintly features glow,
And cares, across those orbs of blue,
Have cast a darker, sadder hue;
I love thee still, I love thee more
Than lov'd I rose or gem of yore,
I lov'd the gold, I love the gray,
I love it dearer day by day.

Dear Ioline, we both shall weep,
We both shall die, we both shall sleep;
We both shall hear that trumpet bold,
That calls earth's gray to heav'n's pure gold;
And then, when locks of light shall shine
Above thy brows in radiance divine,
I'll ask than thee no fairer star
Where seraphs bright and angels are.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Good-bye

For Saturday Night.

Those joyous days are past, dear,
When we were blithe and gay,
And you and I, in youth's bright dreams,
Dreamed life a summer day;
But summer days must close,
And summer flowers lie
Beneath the winter's drifted snows,
No more to please the eye, dear,
No more to please the eye.

And oh! the sun has set, dear,
Upon our golden dream,
The night we thought would never come
Has vanished every gleam;
Our hopes of life below,
The pledges that we gave,
Beneath life's fateful frost and snow,
Have found a hopeless grave, dear,
Have found a hopeless grave.

The hands that clasped so strong, dear,
Will clasp in love no more;
The feet that went the self-same way
Are on some other shore;
The lips that sang of bliss,
That said our hearts were true,
Will meet no more in lover's kiss
And part no more to woo, dear,
Will part no more to woo.

It may be you are sad, dear,
It may be you are gay;
What your heart cherished dearest then
Perhaps is changed to-day;
But whether balm or smart,
And whether joy or pain,
Our roads in life lie far apart,
Too far to meet again, dear,
Too far to meet again.

So now a last good-bye, dear,
Before the song is sung,
One more sweet note before the strings
Shall never more be strung;
And as we hope to live,
And as we live for heaven,
Oh! let us all our wrongs forgive,
That we may be forgiven, dear,
That we may be forgiven.

SAM GREENWOOD.

The Death of Schiller.

Slowly, slowly sinks the day-star
'Neath the waves of purpling light,
Like a holy freighted vessel
Fading palely from our sight,
As the waters that between us
Rise in long red lines and seven us.

Lo! yon moon, in veil of crimson,
Mounts the orient even' sky;
Sadly from her imperial throne
Weeps her waning destiny;
Her lonely disgs across the sky—
Must every living creature die!

"Raise my head," cried dying Schiller,
"Let me see the setting sun,
Ere to-morrow," cried the poet,
"And life's journey will be run.
Now turn me to the moon," he cried,
And blessing all around, he died.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

Between You and Me.

EMPEROR William has broken out in a fresh place, and is at present interested in throne-making, pure gold and purple velvet being the materials employed. This young person is the most trying conglomeration of sense and foolishness which this century has known, but I am beginning to believe he will be a success. He feels his own value and he rates himself high, wisely knowing that few folks have time to make private valuations, but accept the displayed price of the article as its worth and pay accordingly. When Emperor William seats himself upon his golden throne, overhung with its rich and luxurious royal velvet, he will probably claim the admiration and homage of many who should withhold it, and his stock will go several points higher.

Have any of my bright young readers played the game of the Rhymster? I don't mean by that to inquire as to the possibility of your having contributed jingles or jangles to SATURDAY NIGHT; *pas si bete!* My game of the Rhymster is a home game for the amusement of those who have brain enough and fun enough to play it. The performance is very simple, a word is selected and each one must write a thought in rhyme, of not more than four lines, introducing the word chosen. It is quite a curiosity to note the different thoughts suggested by one word to the various types of mind assembled. A very short time is allowed for making the rhymes, after which the slips are collected and the prize is awarded to the one who has made the best attempt, and who has the privilege of selecting the next word to be operated upon.

We who had to put away our wheels, after the first of January, and resign ourselves to the cars, and diphtheria picnics on the street corners, while the conductors and drivers exchange the morning's gossip and the horses, and we, like Jezebel, "tired our heads and looked out of the window" (and indeed our whole bodies were heads!) can now hold our tongues about the speed of the Safety. Listen! In Hamburg—slow-going, easy-moving, solid old North German city—a company has been formed to forward folks from Hamburg to a place called Buchen, about fifteen miles away, through a pneumatic tube. Three go at a time in a little car seven feet wide and three feet six inches long. Eleven minutes make the trip, and though one can't admire the scenery, one saves considerable time. Just fancy! You enter the tube, a fearless trinity, the guard shuts you in, you sit down, he lets loose the compressed air, whoo! it strikes the rear of your car, and away you go—more than a mile a minute until you stop. By the way, how do you stop? Suppose the brakes don't work, and the little car, and you, and the other two come shooting out into the station heels over head! Ten cents you will have to pay, and trust to luck.

Ladies, do you ever have to nurse a sick man? I mean a man who is shut in the house, in bed, with the grippe, or some other unreasonable and tiresome malady, while the tide of city life calls to him from a distance "Come back!" He begins by using cursory remarks about his disease, he tells you how badly he feels, he refuses to take medicine, and when you do coax it down, he has a meek martyred see how I'm-taken-advantage-of air, that makes you long to hit him. He gets out of bed to wind the clock, and to look out of the window when the door bell rings; he contradicts you, when you assert the most apparent truths, and you aren't mean enough to argue with him, or rather too mean, for that is what he wants you to do; he insists on having a blotter that he may write important letters which dwindle down to an inane postal-card to some man round town about some trivial nonsense; he asks a hundred times what time it is, and when at last you remark that the clock is in plain sight, he sighs, "You need not trouble to tell me, I can do without knowing." When a business matter calls you downstairs he takes an extra dose of tonic, because he feels like going to sleep and doesn't want to be wakened at the proper hour, and he lays the apron wet with tincture of iron on your best drawn-work tray cloth, and tries to wipe up the overflow of the tonic from the sheets with a fine embroidered handkerchief. He groans, he splutters, he shouts at you, if you leave him alone, he jeers at your good joke and discredits your specially culled story; he is a nuisance and a disgrace, and then he gets well, and goes down town, and boasts that "My wife, sir, is a born nurse, best nurse in the city." All this he does and we balance up the account and—forgive him!

"It is a good thing to know what one *can't* do," said a thoughtful man to me to-day, as he pulled his gray beard meditatively. "I was thinking when I said that, Lady Gay, of how many men undertake to make speeches, who never could, never can, and never will be able; how many more try to write and are in the same fix; to dance, to sing, oh, to do dozens of things which they never will be able to do. Why don't they know they can't?" "One never knows what one can do till one tries." "Granted, but when one tries and all the spectators know the trial is a failure, why doesn't the man himself accept the fact philosophically and give up? Why doesn't he know too?" Ah, why, why is the blindness that hides their homeliness from the plainest men and women; that veils their awkwardness and stupidity from the *gauche* and dense; that disguises their absurdity from the apes and peacocks of society! Men who speak, ever so badly, generally try from a sense of duty or because it is expected of them and they're too proud to decline; women who thrash the unoffending piano in remorseless discords, or rend the air with slaughtered melodies, do so for the very same reason, but to those others, no outside pressure is brought, their blindness and obtuseness seem a gift of the gods to make them happy in spite of fate.

Talking of blindness reminds one of an absurd but true account of the means taken to insure that high-bred and aristocratic gait in horses, which is necessary to the success of the equipage of swelldom. Far-sighted spectacles are put upon these too humble equines, and away they step, always thinking the earth is close under their noses, always climbing into nothingness, until they grow into the desirable stateliness of gait. Anything more foreign to humanity cannot be imagined by anyone who has ever gone along in the dark, expecting stairs and finding none, and every now and then coming down with a jar to the same level. LADY GAY.

Individualities.

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into a pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field, and is popular with her congregation.

This is the way the ex-Empress Eugenie recently gave her personality to a census agent: Marie Eugenie, Countess of Pierreford, sixty-four years of age, born in Granada, Spain; naturalized in France; a widow; a traveler.

Senator Hawley, Charles Dudley Warner, and Charles H. Clark have bought the stock which their long-time associate, William H. Goodrich, had in the Hartford *Courant*, and the last-named gentleman has retired from the position of business manager of that paper.

Lord Hartington, who is the new Duke of Devonshire, has sat in Parliament since 1857, and has in that time served his queen and country as secretary for war, postmaster-general, lord of the admiralty, secretary for Ireland and secretary for India; but his succession to the dukedom will probably prevent his ever becoming prime minister.

The daughter of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has become somewhat famous in Turkey of recent years for her poetical gifts. She lives on the heights of Pera, in a house that overlooks the blue Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople, where every prospect pleases, and there is enough of poetry in the scenery to inspire even a prose writer.

Gladstone has never used tobacco. He drinks very little—so little, indeed, for a British statesman, as to amount almost to abstinence. A glass of bitter beer at luncheon, and a glass of claret or port at dinner, form the limit of his indulgence in stimulants. What an anchorite they would have thought him in the days of Pitt and Fox and the three-bottle prime ministers!

Luigi Emanuele Farina, the Italian deputy who died a short time ago, was a politician of unique electioneering devices. On one rainy election day, he sent to each of about four hundred voters an umbrella, with his compliments. At another time, he had pigs driven through the streets with this notice hanging through the snout of each: "Whoever votes for Farina, may eat of me."

The Baroness von Zuyllan of Paris has the finest stables in the world for her magnificent horses. Even those of the great Czar himself do not equal them in magnificence. On Sunday afternoons she takes her tea in the stables, where, down the center of the great building, a thick pile carpet is placed, leading up to the tea-room. The horses come up to the table for sugar from their mistress, like pet dogs. The buildings cover over three acres of ground.

Princess Mary of Teck, who was to have been the bride of the late Duke of Clarence, is celebrated as being one of the best dancers in London; and it was during the course of a dance at Mme. de Falbe's country house, Luton Hoo, that the duke proposed marriage to her. She was his frequent partner at all the balls which they attended. Her teacher was the late Marie Tagliori, Comtesse de Voisins, the most graceful and fascinating *prima ballerina* of the nineteenth century.

When Du Maurier, the English artist, who draws such fine, tall women and fat, short men, came out as an author not long ago, it was suggested that he did so to test his ability to earn a living by his pen should the loss of his sight ever make it impossible for him to continue the making of pictures. His eyesight has been failing and although he has not become blind, as has been rumored, he will be compelled in a few days to undergo an operation of a dangerous character.

Since Dom Pedro's death the most interesting of the "Kings in exile" in Europe is ex-King Francis of Spain. In every way he is quite unlike the Brazilian monarch, for he is so small in stature that he seems almost to be a dwarf, and he is not noted for any nobility of mind. He lives at Epinay, apart from his wife, ex Queen Isabella, who occupies a handsome mansion near the Arc de Triomphe. Francis is said to be one of the meanest of men, while Isabella, despite all her faults and the stain on her character, is popular in Paris, because of her hospitality and kindness of heart.

Survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade are few enough to make the fact noteworthy that Sergeant John Levich of Indianapolis, is one of the gallant Six Hundred who withstood the murderous fire of the Russian guns. He wears one of the silver medals with four clasps, representing Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sevastopol, which the Queen gave those who returned from the Crimea. Sergeant Levich says that the only other participant in the famous attack who came to the United States was Michael Lehan, who died in Pittsburg a few years ago. The claim is made, however, that Thomas Day, a farmer, living now near Vevay, Indiana, was one of the historic battalion.

Mr. Quiller Couch—who is also called Q.—is a fortunate young man. A writer of twice his age and fame might think himself fortunate in securing Mr. Alfred Parsons to illustrate his book, for if there is a more charming delineator of English landscape than Mr. Parsons, we trust he will lay aside his modesty and come forth from the obscurity in which he has languished too long. And Mr. Couch, it must be said, has honestly deserved his good fortune. He has done all his part to make The Warwickshire Avon as pretty a book of its kind as need be. He has mixed, in exactly the right proportion, the several attributes of the antiquarian, the historian, the lover of nature, the observer of man, the humorist, and the philosopher, and presented the result in a very attractive style of his own.

'Varsity Chat.

SUMMING up Prof. Alfred Baker, M. A., paid a neat compliment to the speakers in the intercollegiate debate. To his mind the "home team," Messrs. F. E. Perrin and J. A. Cooper, excelled in rhetoric, and the visitors, Messrs. W. H. S. Kollmyer and W. J. Messenger of McGill, were clear and logical. He decided the debate in favor of the logicians. They contended that the effects of the French revolution of 1789 have not been beneficial. Mr. O. P. Edgar as essayist, and Messrs. W. P. Reeve and W. H. Pease as readers added much to the literary excellence of the evening's entertainment. The Glee Club was heartily received and loudly applauded.

"Say," cried a man of deep knowledge to me the other day, "I have a joke for you. I know many of the boys will appreciate it, for the majority of them, like myself, are from the country." He proceeded to relate his story after the following manner: "A freshman who had just arrived in the city called on the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and examined the list of boarding-houses. He did not find one to suit him, and said to a senior, 'Where is Rosin's tavern?' I will stay there for a few days."

Musical Scales was the subject of a lecture by Mr. W. J. Loudon, B. A., at an open meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Soc'ety on Friday last. He treated the topic in an excellent manner and pointed out how mathematicians had aided in the development of music.

The *'Varsity* in a long editorial on some remarks made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the iron king, regarding universities or "institutions that turn out Greeks and Romans instead of Americans," has the following to say: "Wherever the college graduate goes throughout the country he comes in contact with successful self-made men who (justly in a few cases) point the finger of scorn at some of his fellow graduates, or probably himself, for their want of a practical knowledge of common business transactions. The successful editors of some of our most influential newspapers hold in derision our education—men who probably cannot write faultless literary English, still whose opinions, expressed in their own peculiar style, have more weight with the mass of their fellow beings than the beautifully rounded sentences of a well trained college graduate."

Prof. Ashley lectured on Saturday afternoon before a large audience on Methods of Economic Peace. He does not believe in the nationalization of land, has great faith in Trades Unions and no confidence in second rate economists.

The rink on the lawn adjoining residence is well patronized, and Hockey receives a large share of attention. Mr. C. S. Cameron is secretary of the club.

Dr. Coleman of the School of Practical Science delivered an address before the Natural Science Association on Tuesday. His subject was Some Rare Metals, and he treated it in a most entertaining and instructive manner.

Socrates was "represented," "tried" and "killed" at the Classical Association on Tuesday. Those who took an active part in the proceedings were Prof. Hutton, Mr. D. A. Glassey and Mr. E. A. Wicher. JUNIOR.

A Reporter's Night.

"THEY say," remarked an old newspaper man to the gang, "and truthfully, I fancy, that no man sees such a diversity of life as does a reporter on a daily newspaper in a big city. My experience in reportorial work began in earnest and within ninety days I knew the city officials from the Mayor to a deputy constable, and I had on my list of acquaintances the richest man in the city, and the slimmest slip of a newsboy and bootblack, who picked his pennies on the street. In addition to the necessities of my calling I had a luxury or two in the shape of society, having a taste that way and gratifying it between times, so to speak.

"One night my assignment was 'fires and stations,' which, being interpreted, means that I had to attend to all the fires in town that night and watch the police stations for anything of a criminal or other character falling within the purview of the guardians of the public peace. I'd had that job before and did not consider it much out of the ordinary, so before reporting at the office I togged myself out in my society duds and, with another 'swell' who wasn't a reporter, I began my night's work by making a tea call at the house of a way-up millionaire. Then for a fashionable thirty minutes the casual observer might easily have mistaken me for a wealthy young swell, or heir to millions, or most anything eminently respectable except a reporter at $12 a week, which beneath my disguise I was.

"Well, when that thirty minutes was up I went back to my room and putting on my working clothes, went forth to my duties, reaching one of the station houses within the next half hour. As I came into the main room I ran alongside of a man all bloody and battered, with his fingers barely hanging on to his hand as the result of grabbing a knife blade in a fight. It wasn't quite like the scenes from which I had just come, but I had forgotten them in this minor business, and in a short time I knew the story of the fight, and having written it up, went into the office and handed it in.

"From this office I went at once to the central station and there found two reporters for our contemporaries talking over the killing or attempted killing of a woman by her husband in a disreputable quarter of the town.

"Having learned all we could from the police we hurried away to the hospital, reaching the receiving room of that institution by going a whole square through a subterranean passage, not calculated to brighten the fancies of a young fellow learning to be a reporter. In the receiving room, on a hospital bed, we found the woman, propped up on pillows, with a yawning gash in her throat from ear to ear and covered with blood. She wasn't dead by a good deal, and her eyes were as bright as if nothing had happened. She didn't appear to be suffering much, but she couldn't talk, which may have been some pain to her. It was funny though to watch her try to talk. We would ask her questions and she would begin an answer, but the minute she raised her chin the wound in her neck opened at the windpipe and all we could get was a peculiar gurgle, which had a tendency to make the cold chills run down one's back. However, she could move her head in affirmative or negative, and by using what information we had and guessing at a lot more, we learned that her husband had cut her throat in a fit of jealousy and left her lying in a hallway where the police found her. With this much, we got a lieutenant of police and went gunning for the particulars.

"We got away about 10.30 or 11, I should say, and by 2.30 in the morning had visited more cheap boarding-houses and saloons and that sort of thing than you could throw a brick at in a week. We raided one livery stable where the man was supposed to be or to have been employed, and though we were not at all quiet about it, we had forced the doors, front and back, and had captured three stablemen asleep inside before they knew what had happened.

"By 2.30 every clue had been followed up and run down, and away I rushed to the office to write up a blood-curdling account of the murder, and I succeeded pretty well. A queer feature of this case, I may add here, was that the woman's story, although told right in the face of death, for she was not expected to live until morning, was false in every particular, and that she had cut her own throat in a fit of jealousy and wanted to saddle the crime on to her husband in order that he might hang for it. It didn't come her way, though, for she got well and I hope they lived to a good old age in great happiness.

"It was half past three o'clock by the time my stuff was in and I drew a long breath, and feeling that my day's work was done prepared to go home and sleep the sleep of the righteous.

"I left the office with another reporter and with an order to call at a police station house on my way and send back word if there was anything there. I didn't expect anything at that hour, of course, but when I got there I found I had something else to do. Word had just come in that a woman, in the largest and lowest colored dance and boarding house in the town, had shot herself, and away we went for the scene of the shooting. We got to the front door just as they were bringing her out to the hospital wagon, not dead, but dying, for by morning she had joined the gone-before-es, and having nothing further to do with her we passed in and up through several floors to the upper one where the shooting had occurred half an hour before. Naturally everything was topsy-turvey, and such a crowd of awe-stricken colored men and women I never saw. They had been sleeping on pallets all over the floor, but these were deserted now and in little groups here and there they had collected and were whispering together and talking in subdued and frightened voices of the tragic occurrences. It was another case of jealousy and the woman had eased the pain of her heart by shooting a bullet as nearly into it as she could. In any event there was a big round hole in her breast, and the man on whose account she had done it was weeping in the corner alone.

"As it was in a disreputable locality, where shooting was not infrequent, I didn't write more than a dozen lines about it and let it go at that. This I sent back to the office, and at half-past four in the morning I was at home in bed, sleeping like a top, with never a thought of the day or the morrow."

The veteran straightened up in his chair and scratched a match to light his pipe.

"Did you go to any fires that night?" asked a young reporter.

The veteran simply looked at him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Coy Acknowledgement.

Walker Phlohr—Is anybody waiting upon you, miss?

Psyche Wayback (blushing)—Yes, sir; Jake Skinner is my steady company.

Dentistry Extraordinary.

Mike—I belave ye supply fresh sets o' teeth, an' I want ye t' put a few into this cold saw o' mine, yer honor.

Mistaken Identity.

What it really was.

A Famous Scoop.

The mystery of mysteries in the newspaper world for years has been how the *Herald* scored its great "beat" in 1887 by printing the President's message in full on the morning of the day it was sent to the Senate. True, other papers had brief extracts from the message in the 11 second editions, but a censorious public credited them with stealing the matter from their contemporary.

Some managing editors are born with a "nose for news;" others achieve "beats;" but I doubt if many men in that position can boast of having a great news feature literally thrust upon them. The secret has been hinted at but never told by the chief participants. Perhaps there is a moral in it for every managing editor, as well as for every reader of a newspaper.

It was at the end of a very dull night. Great events generally occur on dull nights. The Associated Press had received information that the *Herald* had surreptitiously obtained a complete copy of President Cleveland's message and intended to print it in full in the morning. As the Associated Press was the custodian of the message, which was to have been sent on the following day to every afternoon newspaper, this announcement naturally filled its local manager in New York with consternation. Where that rumor came from and how it reached the Associated Press is still a mystery.

As the "A. P." was the accredited custodian of the message, it would never do to permit its premature publication, if it could be prevented. Bad faith would surely be charged. It must be suppressed at once. The night manager of that news agency took his hat and rushed across the street. A pneumatic tube connects all the offices belonging to the association, but the genius in preferred to go in person. He descended by the elevator in the Western Union building, and was soon climbing the iron stairs in the *Herald* office. A moment later, out of breath, he had demanded an audience with the editor in charge. This is about what occurred:

"I understand that the *Herald* has obtained the President's message in some underhand way, and intends publishing it to-morrow before it has been delivered to Congress."

"Indeed!"

"Now, you must not do this. The *Herald* is a member of the Associated Press, and the honor of the Association is pledged not to circulate this message until to-morrow afternoon."

"Well, really," said the diplomatic editor, who was intensely mystified and decided to await developments, "what you may or may not do is of very little consequence to the *Herald*, and I can assure you will not influence it in the least."

"But I have it from the very best authority that you already have the message in this office and are setting it up."

"Suppose we have the message; what then?" and the editor excused himself, and went out, ostensibly to consult with some one, but in reality to catch his breath and consider the situation, for, as may be imagined, somebody had been imposing on the Associated Press agent. The *Herald* did not have and did not expect to have the message ahead of its circulation by the Association. After a few turns in the *Herald's* big library room, the editor decided on a line of policy. He returned to the press agent and informed him that the *Herald* would not think of changing any of its plans, even though the Association were "beaten."

"Very well," said the visitor, rising to go; "if that be the case, the only thing we can do is to send out the message to-night, even at the expense of breaking faith with the President. Our customers must be properly served."

This was as the executive editor had hoped. He sent for the foreman of the composing-room and instructed him to be in readiness to set an extra page at a late hour, as it was expected that the President's message would come in. Sure enough, about one o'clock that night in it came!

The editor hurried it to the composing-room, and subheaded it, sheet by sheet, as it went out. Result, the *Herald* had a page of the President's message in type, corrected and in the form before two o'clock, while the other papers, not being prepared to handle it, coming unannounced as it did at so late an hour, could only use a few disconnected paragraphs from the important document. The *Herald*, thanks to the editor in charge that night, scored a fine "beat;" but that Associated Press agent probably has congratulated himself for years at having partially defeated the machination of an enterprising newspaper.

The moral for managing editors in this incident is not to believe all you hear, or confess to all you do not know.

Sarcastic.

Miss Walling—Mr. Sharpe, the shrewd speculator on Wall street, told me last night that I had the finest complexion he had ever seen.

Miss Elderly—Well, Mr. Sharpe has the reputation of being a very far-sighted man.

To Fit as Occasion Requires.

Mrs. Whalen—Hov yez enny short pants f byes!

Mr. Silverstein—I hafe not. I hafe long pants for mens. Buy a pair for your husban', vash 'em vonce, und dey vill fit der chile. I hafe sold pants dot hafe vent drue a whole cheneration like dot. De longer you vash em de smaller dey gits.

He Declined.

Young woman—I want you to draw plans for a nice cosy home. My husband's mother will live with us, and I——

Architect—Madam, it is impossible.

Young woman—Why, don't you do such work?

Architect—No, madam; no architect has yet been able to draw plans for a house that is large enough for two women.

CASTLE CARNABAT.

I.

Nothing about the man served to distinguish him from others in the room. He was gentlemanlike, and sufficiently versed in the ways of the world to avoid acts that might be openly called in question. But I had already reached that stage in which I felt that the privilege was mine to defend Millicent Deerling from all evil, and to my jealous insight the glances he was continually casting at her seemed insulting as many insults. Instinctively I divined that he was one of those men who, if they never proceed to the extremity of forcing their acquaintance upon a woman they admire, will yet, upon the remotest hope of an introduction, watch her, find out where she lives, and continually throw themselves in her path.

The man soon passed out of my mind. The next day Mr. Deerling and her mother were to sail for Egypt for the winter, and many months must pass before we could meet.

It was nearly a year afterward that I found myself lingering along the Rhine. Travelers make new friends easily, and thus it happened that I became engaged in conversation with a fellow traveler on board the steamer at Cologne. Like myself he seemed an artist, and we found plenty to talk about. We spoke of our general experiences of the picturesque, of the capabilities of the Rhine in particular for sketching. It was not until some little time that I took much heed of the man himself. Then by degrees a dreamy, musing tone of his talk drew me from my present experience before stole over me—one of those indefinable impressions which, from time to time, seem to be felt by all of us—impressions of events and doings and people, which and with whom we have been somehow connected, and which are not near to us—but which cannot be placed or referred to—things that linger in our minds in an odd and distorted fashion.

Yet, certainly, this gentleman was a perfect stranger to me. Nevertheless, I could not refrain from suggesting that we might have met before.

No, he replied, he could not recall my face.

"But you are English, surely?" I asked.

"Oh! no, indeed! My mother was English, but my father was a Corsican."

On close examination I saw many evidences of foreign blood about him. But whether Englishman or foreigner, with his good looks and polished, gentlemanlike manners, I found him a most agreeable, companionable fellow.

He was returning from Holland, he said, where he had been sketching flats and windmills—"some commissions which I have had to do for a book, but I feel so glad now to be out again in these hills and among these old ruins! I love these castles; that is why I live in one, and all the summer I enjoy myself there like a prince!"

"How!" I inquired, "live in one?"

"Yes!" he replied. "I bought one right out. It cost very little, and of course I have only furnished and arranged part of it. It is up a valley, not quite on the river-side. If you are staying near, I hope you will pay me a visit—I should be so glad, so proud, to make you a bed. Just now, since I have been away, there is no one but the old *frau* who takes care of it for me—my sensible mother—my cook—she is everything. Say, will you not come? I am going there straight to day."

I was about to thank him, when our talk was interrupted by the usual excitement and bustle consequent upon making a landing. Our conversation was not resumed until later in the day, and when we were just nearing that part of the Rhine where the ruins and feudal remains of bygone time clusters the thickest. Then M. Armand de Lauteulle, as my newly acquaintance was named, touched me lightly on the shoulder and pointing to one of the many towers rising on the hillsides, said: "There it is! there is my mountain home." Then so warmly did he insist upon my accompanying him to his home that, almost before I was aware of it, I found myself ashore.

After passing through a straggling street or two at the back of the little town, our path lay up a steep road, winding through a hollow lying at right angles with the river. A vivid flash of lightning, followed by the echoing of thunder through the hills, warned us that storm was at hand. The farther we went the worse the way became. Heavy rain began to fall. Now and again a wild wind whirled down upon us from high crags. Daylight was all but gone, and it would have been hard to find a more dreary prospect than that before us. At the head of the ravine, which we had entered after much toil, we branched off by a still narrower track, and now slightly descending for about five hundred yards, advancing I turned round the sheer face of an opposing crag. Then I saw, standing out dark and gray against the lurid twilight, the keep of my friend's stronghold. The thunder and rain continued to increase in violence; the lightning was incessant. At last we came upon an open space in front of a ruined gateway. I could distinguish a modern-looking door, and my companion congratulated me upon having reached shelter.

"Here," he said, "is my home. Had it been five hundred years ago, you might have trembled somewhat to have accepted the invitation of its owner, and these frowning cliffs and darkening skies would have seemed in keeping and bode you no good, but now it is different. Welcome to Castle Carnabat."

He pulled lustily at a bell-like sounding bell and, after a minute or two, we were admitted by an old woman into a partially paved court-yard, in the center of which rose the massy body of the building. Night was too far advanced for me to get more than the barest notion of the place, the exterior of which appeared cold and forbidding in the extreme. A bright fire glow, however, shooting through a half-open door, gave cheerful promise of greater warmth within. The door was it broken; for in another instant we were standing in front of a pile of logs on the hearth of a spacious hall like chamber.

An hour after I retired to my *cabinet* with the lord of the castle over a frugal but substantial meal. I had been to my dormitory, a snug little nest high up in a tower, reached by a winding stair, and was beginning to feel quite at home, much amused and pleased with the novelty of my position. We were in the same chamber we had first entered, and from the roof of which, suspended by a chain, hung a large, antique iron lamp, shedding, together with the fire, sufficient light to show me the details of the apartment. They were primitive, but highly picturesque. The rough, bare walls were only partially hidden at one side by some old tapestry. Heavy beams, of massive modesty, supported the roof, which was lofty, and the floor was uncarpeted, save near the table at which we sat, and in front of the hearth, where a large bear-skin did duty for rug. There was a broad, high window at one end, with a rude inside shutter across it. The furniture, too, was quite in harmony with the place, consisting of odd, old-fashioned oak chairs, with a few cupboards and cabinets, side tables and settees. Over the huge fireplace was a life-sized sketch in oil of the head of a handsome woman, and here and there, nine, had with some pieces of arms, a couple of two or three fishing-rods, and a haversack, were some other drawings and sketches, framed and unframed, hung without much eye to uniformity about the walls, against which, in a corner near the window, stood an easel and painter's appliances. There was an artistic studio kind of air about the place, very genial to my feelings, and as I finished my meal, drew my chair toward the hearth, and lit my pipe, my host doing the same, it was with a sense of keen satisfaction that I said: "This must indeed be a delightful retreat in summer; even now, with this wild weather howling out-side, it has a more comfortable look than many a modern drawing-room."

"Yes! indeed. But then I hate the cities so much and love the mountains so dearly, the landscape so much more than the figure, the out-door work than the in, that I have always said, from a child, I would have a castle, a tower on a mountain-top—I would enjoy myself with difficulty."

"A very laudable ambition," I replied, "and a very wise thing to do; but it is not every artist who is so fortunate as you—so fortunate as to be able to carry out dreams."

"Ah! no, truly—but I am so. I get good prices for my copies in the galleries; and besides, two years ago I lost my dear mother, and she left me some little money. But for her I could have nothing—nothing in the world; to her I owe all I know." And he stopped abruptly, as his eyes fell upon the portrait over the chimney.

"Is that she—your mother?" I inquired, following his look, and rising the better to examine the head.

"Yes; a recollection I did of her as I first remember her. It is not from life; she was not so young, nor so pretty latterly; but, oh! I can remember how lovely she was once—so lovely, as your Englishwomen always are."

Then, suddenly changing from the slightly melancholy mood into which he was falling, he broke out with a half-wild ejaculation, his eyes sparkling, and his nostrils dilating, as he said: "Oh, they are *ravissantes*, your Englishwomen!" suiting his words with that action so characteristic of the foreigner when delighted, of kissing the closed tips of his fingers, and suddenly extending them as he throws his hand into the air.

"You should get married," I suggested.

"Bah, married, indeed! No, not now," and drawing his chair nearer to me, becoming more excited with every word, he went on: "Look you here; do you think I would marry anyone but the right one; any but the most beautiful to be found, mark you, in your country! No, by my faith! I will taste the sweets wherever wishes are to be found in all countries, all over the world; but to link myself for life to any but an Englishwoman, and that Englishwoman the one among them all that I have chosen to set my heart upon, I would not do it for the universe."

"Well, but is it not possible?" I asked.

"Yes, quite possible," he hastily interrupted, "to find her, but not to marry her. She refused me—refused me 'point blank,' as you say; told me at once that she would not take me. Do you think I shall marry after this—I, who put myself with all the adoration of which I am capable at her feet, only to be spurned like a dog? And shall I marry after this? No, by the gods! I have waged war ever since against all women, especially the English. I took to love now only as a means of vengeance against her sex. Vengeance, you know, is dear to every Corsican; and should fate throw that girl in my path again—" he hesitated, and after a pause resumed, "I will, I would not answer for what might happen."

II.

Next day I was agreeably surprised at the bold and picturesque situation of the tower, and the character of the scenery surrounding it. The ruin was of considerable elevation and extent as to broken walls, mounds, and dilapidated bastions, but it was only a small part that had been rendered habitable.

It was one of those positions evidently selected originally for its impregnability, the land on one side shelving steeply away in turf and jutting, inaccessible rock, while on the other, that looking in the direction of the river, was a sheer-down beetling cliff. I found that when we had left the head of the valley the previous night, and had made a sudden turn round the face of the opposing crag before referred to, we had emerged on to the edge of a saddle-backed hill, which, gradually narrowing and becoming more precipitous on either side, eventually dove-tailed itself into the face of the precipice on which the castle was built.

Just at this junction the path was very narrow and dangerous, and doubtless in olden times had been the scene of many a desperate contest, for only by passing it could the plateau which spread out in front of the entrance gateway be reached. There was a considerable drop on the one hand; on the other, the beginning of the precipice, so conspicuous a feature of the castle rock itself, and there was scarcely room for more than two persons to cross this natural but immovable drawbridge, abreast. It was peculiarly secluded, the before mentioned angle of opposing crag effectually screening it from the approach by the valley, while, from the construction of the building and lay of the land, it was not visible from more than two or three windows in the tower, one of which, I had discovered at daybreak, belonged to my room.

To explore under the guidance of M. de Lauteulle the romantic beauties of the place, and to settle on several available subjects for my pencil, was my first occupation. So pleasant were all my surroundings, and so agreeable was my host, that a week slipped away in no time. I say he was agreeable, and I may add thoroughly hospitable, and yet I could not like him. I felt this to be very ungrateful and inconsistent, but so it was. A certain unexplained reserve in his talk which he constantly indulged whenever the conversation turned upon love and conjugal ties, quelled me at seventeen. I may add that from my visit from what was at first to be a few days, to a few weeks.

One day he suddenly informed me that business called him for a short time to Frankfort, and he insisted upon my remaining until his return. He had been away two or three days only, when, one evening, I, after a long, strolled down to the town and little landing-place where, three weeks before, I had so suddenly made up my mind to accept his hospitality. A steamer was approaching, and, as I stood listlessly watching it, I was startled as by an apparition on beholding among the passengers Mrs. Deerling and her daughter—the people of all others whom I least expected. My first thought was to avoid their observation, but at the same moment I was also conscious that it was too late, for, by their gestures, I knew that they had recognized me before I had them. Now, this insignificant town was not usually made a halting-place by the steamers, as the boat gradually drew alongside, I saw that the two ladies had suddenly determined to come on shore. Yet I felt intuitively that my presence was their reason for doing so, and almost before I had time to realize the situation I was shaking hands with them.

"Ah, Mr. Elton!" cried Mrs. Deerling, "I told you we should find you out. We came upon your name in the visitors' book at a hotel in Cologne, and we knew we were upon your track. As soon as we saw you Millicent and I determined to stop here in order to punish you for your bad conduct, in not once there in a hotel here of some kind—and Millicent shall make sketches of your best subjects. I understand we are to stay as long as you wanted to be alone; you were afraid she would take them away from you, you selfish man!"

I stammered out some lame apologies, endeavored to assure them it was quite an accident, and, as we proceeded toward the only inn in the place, explained how I came to be there, feeling inwardly grateful the while that my host was away; for, in addition to other reasons I had for avoiding Millicent, I felt especially uneasy at the thought of her coming in contact with Lauteulle. As ill-luck would have it, they found what they chose (from perversity, I believed) to consider ample accomodation at the hotel.

I can but ill describe my sensations when I returned to my home accompanied by the three. I felt the difficulty and awkwardness of the situation, there was really no way out of it; that I could see, except by jumping over that convenient but very-by-no-means-inviting cliff. And oh, weak and irresolute man! was I really sorry to be once more within the fatal toils? As I gazed from my high up window out into the dark autumn night, was I really sorry to think that down there yonder, where one or two pale flickering lights showed the situation of the little town, slept the woman dearer to me than all others on earth? Was I really sorry to think that, in this respect at least, she was still within my reach? I am afraid not; but the sense of most urgent anxiety now was not this sudden upsetting of all my resolutions, but an anxiety, as it seemed to me, unduly burning within me, to keep her clear from any suspicance which suggested vague ideas, for which I could not account, of mischief, if not of positive danger. My only hope was that Lauteulle would not return before I had managed somehow to induce my friends to leave the neighborhood.

Miss Deerling always set about her drawing in a thoroughly professional manner, disdaining anything that was amateurish. Thus, she would have a subject for the morning, one for midday, and a third for the evening effects, giving herself up entirely to the work as though her livelihood actually depended upon it. Her ordinary enthusiasm was greatly stimulated by the romantic scenery now within her reach, and in two or three days she had done several good drawings. The one, however, to which she devoted her utmost energy was the subject of the castle from the drawbridge, determining to make it something more than a sketch, and to finish it if possible entirely on the spot. The light and shade were peculiarly beautiful an hour or two after sunrise, and she was often at work with me by seven o'clock, utterly disregarding her mother's feelings about early rising, and frequently in consequence, coming up to the crag alone, where I once from the window of my room, saw her take up her position. As time went on, my anxiety lest Lauteulle should return before my friends had departed became intolerable; I was torn by the most conflicting feelings, for in addition to the forced assumption of indifference toward Millicent, I was now compelled to assume the cordiality and *empressement* of a host—to appear as if her departure was the last thing I desired.

Eventually, the day preceding that fixed for their departure arrived. The sketch from the drawbridge only wanted another morning's work, and it was settled that Millicent should spend an hour or two upon it on the morrow, and in the afternoon they would ride down to catch a steamer for Mayence. As I re entered the castle, however, in the evening, the sense of relief which was stealing over me was quickly and painfully disperled by the sight of Lauteulle's voice in the court-yard calling for his seneschal.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of me; "back at last, you see! But I am glad to find you have not been dull! So, so, you rascal, you have found some consolation; you have lured a fair enchantress into your cavalier's den! By the body of Bacchus, but you are a lucky fellow. Old Lisbeth here tells me of all your doings! and how you manage to elude the duenna; how you beguile her to think that you teach the young one to draw so early in the morning! Ho! ho! but it is very sad, this deceit! I should not have thought it of you!"

I need not say how this speech jarred on my feelings; and I replied with some coldness, begging that any reference to her might be couched in more respectful terms. Lauteulle bit his lip and an unpleasant glitter came into his eyes, but it passed in a moment and he good humoredly said: "Oh! certainly! I beg ten thousand pardons! I mean no disrespect, but I shall drink her health, nevertheless; so give me the name of this fair enchantress who has done me the honor to visit my castle home. Say! now, you will not refuse your host her name; you cannot!"

Neither, indeed, could I, much as I disliked in any way associating Millicent with him.

"Well, then," I replied, "I will tell you, if you wish to know, is Deerling, Miss Millicent Deerling."

The glass which Lauteulle was holding shook slightly, and I fancied there was a tremor in his voice, as he said: "A pretty name, certainly. How do you call it? Millicent? Well, then, I drink to the health of Miss Millicent Deerling." And when he had drained the goblet, not a sign of his momentary embarrassment was left. He refilled and laid, and we sat down to it, but all my attempts to turn the conversation from my fair friend were in vain. Lauteulle constantly reverted to her, inquiring her name number particulars, with a pertinacity from which I could not escape. I had been obliged to tell him much more about her acquaintance than I had hitherto avoided letting out that Millicent was coming in the morning to finish her sketch. I was indulging in the hope that she might yet get away without an introduction, when a point-blank question from my friend frustrated my attempt to keep this last bit of information from him. He uttered a peal of laugh when he learned of the last visit she was to make. An abstracted expression, yet one not unmingled with satisfaction, stole over his face. He remained silent for several minutes, as if in deep thought, when suddenly looking up, as though he had come to some conclusion, he said: "Why, you have no wine! Ah! the bottle is empty, I see. I will get some more."

"Not for me, pray," I interrupted; "no more for me to-night. I have had enough."

"Bah! you must have another glass; at least, I must, and you will not let me drink alone. I will see another bottle." He rose, rising with my glass and his own in his hand, he went to a cabinet standing at my back at the farther end of the room.

He was some time searching, apparently, to find what he wanted. At last he drew a cork, saying: "Ah! here it is! A sample I have brought home of some rare Hungarian. There is just enough for us. You shall tell me what you think of it?" He placed my glass in front of me and resumed his seat.

"Well, how goes it?" he asked, as I tasted the wine, eying me keenly the while.

Had but one motive existed to induce then been granted me to take in the full meaning of his glance, my glass would have jain shivered at his foot. I would have taxed him to his face with his treachery, and so not have rendered myself helpless and incapable in the very moment of peril. As it was, I swallowed the draught, and, although it left a peculiar flavor in my mouth, I pronounced it excellent.

It was now growing late, and, after a pipe, I began to feel very sleepy. Lauteulle proposed even another glass before we parted for the night, but I resisted, and, becoming now every moment more and more drowsy, I rose to go to bed. As I went up to my room this feeling of heaviness became so intense that I could scarcely keep myself awake, and I was in such a state of stupor when I passed into my room, without attempting to undress, I threw myself upon the bed, and for a time must have been quite unconscious.

When at last a sensation of calm appeared to come over me, it seemed that daylight was creeping in at the high-up narrow window in my turret-room.

In my fancy it increases and the light broadens until a direct gleam of the morning sun falls across my face. Then my uneasiness returns; I am conscious that I should be up, but I cannot rise. I know I am walled for—I am wanted; this intensifies my agony. I struggle with all that lies on me; I struggle to such efforts in dreamland. Then, somehow, it seems that I have managed to leave my bed and have dashed out of the room—but, I know not—and am looking out upon the romantic landscape. It is magnificent! and I command a full view of the approach to the castle by the saddle-backed hill and motionless drawbridge. Still, I have a great difficulty in supporting myself, for my feet are resting on nothing, and I am holding on by the iron bars which cross the window—they cut my hands—I am now in great bodily pain and I struggle and hurt myself in my efforts to retain my position—for my very life seems to depend on my doing so, but my physical suffering is forgotten in the intensity of a mental one which ensues—for there, now upon the edge of the cliff, at the very spot I know so well, on that dangerous little ledge whence she has been making her sketch, sits Millicent, casting anxious looks around her, as she prepares to begin her work. She is expecting me; yet I cannot loosen my grasp upon the bars; I cannot leave the window; I strive to touch the floor with my feet in vain! Suddenly, I know not how, I find myself grasping, as, falling to the ground, I am staggering toward the door. Yes! I am awake! but still under the influence of the stupor—with very much the same sensation with which I awoke on the morning the previous night—for it is now morning, and the sun shines full upon me, as I totter, bewildered, down the stairs and into the open court.

The air revives me, my senses become more acute, and now—do I not really hear a faint cry for help? I do certainly! and again another! I go rapidly forward to the outer postern, and, passing through the open gateway, come out upon the plateau in front of it, when I can see the drawbridge and precipice so often referred to.

And there—what is it I behold? My dream verified! Yes, without a doubt, there are two figures as I had seen them in my sleep, and now they are struggling!

I rush forward like lightning, I am upon the spot in an instant, and am about to seize Armand de Lauteulle by the throat, when, in turning to protect himself, his foot slips, he staggers back a pace or two, and, unable to recover himself, falls headlong over the precipice.

III.

I pass over the dire consternation and confusion which ensued—indeed, I can remember no detail, so bewildered was I at first. I have but a dim notion that I bore Millicent, half-fainting, back into the court-yard of the castle.

The wretched man was found to be quite dead, when, by a very difficult and circuitous route, the bottom of the narrow valley, rock-bestrewn and brambly covered, was reached. The legal procedure of the country brought about an inconceivable amount of trouble and delay; and it was while these legal proceedings were pending that, being thrown necessarily more than ever into close and intimate companionship with my two friends, I learned from Mrs. Deerling much that threw light upon the whole affair. Briefly, Armand de Lauteulle was, despite his artistic mantle and his professed character of picturesque, an adventurer and a spendthrift, who, to carry out this wild scheme of living in a Rhine castle, and acting after the fashion of its former inhabitants, had borrowed considerable sums of money. He was, moreover, the man whom I had noticed in the opening scene in this narrative, as sitting near her, whom she would, he was always turning up close to Millicent, and always with the same offensive, patronizing, admiring look, that caused her such repugnance for him to increase tenfold. On the boat from Dover to Calais he made one of the passengers, and endeavored to force his acquaintance upon her and her mother by introducing himself to them as Count Pascani. Not deterred by their rejection of his advances, he had the audacity to follow her mother, to make a declaration of his love, and an offer of marriage to Miss Deerling in her mother's presence. When threatened with a contemptuous answer he threatened vengeance.

"This," continued Mrs. Deerling, "happened last year, and not seeing him, fortunately, any more, we forgot all about him until the more fact of coming abroad again once or twice recalled the circumstance to our minds. Oddly enough, this was the case when you left the evening before the fatal occurrence. Millicent was sitting at the window of our room, and appeared somewhat low-spirited, when suddenly she rose and cried: "I do believe I saw that detestable man just now pass by the hotel!"

Now, whether in reality Millicent had seen Lauteulle, or whether she had fancied it, cannot tell. My own impression is that he had reached his home long before Millicent fancied she saw him. However this may, I believe it is that it did not leave sufficient impression on her mind in any way to deter or warn her from venturing up to the crag the following morning to finish her sketch. Equally certain is it that, sitting thereon absorbed in her work, she behold, instead of me, the man of all others calculated to inspire her with terror and dread; and certain it is that he did not hesitate to take advantage of the lonely and secluded situation to throw himself at her feet.

Equally certain also is it that, had not my love for Millicent been far more potent in its action than the devilish drug, Millicent would not now be my wife.

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"Then," said the philosopher, "you are a curiosity."

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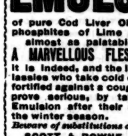
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El Demonio Pass.

One morning not long ago, on my way to St. Louis, I stepped on board a Mississippi steamer at Memphis, and almost the first man I met on the promenade deck was my old chum, Harry Wood.

Our surprise was mutual, as we had last parted in Melbourne, Australia, ten years before, and I supposed Harry to be still at the antipodes. He had saved my life once on the Bendigo diggings; but that is neither here nor there.

"Good heavens! Will, is this you?"

"Bless my soul, Harry! Where did you come from?"

And then we almost hugged each other, much to the disgust of a cynical newsboy, who, nevertheless, did not fail to profit by our jubilant mood.

We were soon ensconced in a quiet corner, and my friend was telling his story. It turned out that he had invested his "dust" in the mahogany trade in British Honduras, had spent nine years in the business, made a snug little pile and had but lately returned to his native land.

I omit his interesting account of the details of mahogany cutting, and come at once to a particular one of his many adventures. Said he:

"I had been about eight years in Honduras, when, one day, while on a rather extended tree-hunting tramp, I came across a lonely *hacienda* which I had never before seen.

"The day was hot, and I was tired, so I mounted, and knocked at the door of the house. It was opened, not by the all-pervading *muchacho*, but, much to my surprise, by a beautiful girl of nineteen, whom I knew at first glance to be an American.

"I was so completely taken aback by this astonishing apparition that for some time I could only stare in stupid wonder; but at last I managed to stammer, in Spanish:

"'Do you speak English, Senorita?'

"The girl smiled as she replied, in a voice sweet as her face:

"'Oh, yes. My parents and I came from the United States.'

"Then I told her who I was, and asked for a drink of water.

"'Come in and sit down, sir,' she said, 'and I will bring some, fresh from the spring.'

"'Oh, no,' I protested; 'just tell me where the spring is, and I will bring the water myself.'

"Without further remark, she handed me a wooden bucket and pointed to the hillside, where I found a tiny stream trickling into a rocky basin.

"I might have quenched my thirst then and there, but my curiosity was excited, and I carried the full pail back to the house. The young maid gave me a glass, and after I had twice emptied it she politely asked me to 'come in and rest.'

"'Now, I wasn't a bit tired, but my thirty-six years had not taken all the romance out of me, and I gladly accepted the invitation. On entering the front room, a further surprise awaited me in the shape of a refined looking and very handsome woman, apparently not much older than myself, who sat in a genuine Boston rocker engaged in sewing.

"The lady rose on seeing me, and my conductress said:

"'Mamma, this is Mr. Wood, of the Valley Camp, I presume?'

"I bowed as affirmative.

"'Mr. Wood, this is my mother, Mrs. Fair. My own name is Mary.'

"'Mary Fair! What a find in this wilderness!' I thought to myself as I went through the customary greeting.

"'I should say so, indeed!' I interjected, 'but go on, Harry.'

"'Well, old man, I stayed two hours at the *hacienda*, and in that time learned something of the history of my fair countrywomen. I won't go into this, except to say that Mrs. Fair was a native of Baltimore, and had come to Honduras with her husband and child some years before, and had now been for ten months a widow.

"She was merely staying at the *hacienda*, meantime, with no companion but her daughter, in order to keep formal possession of it in the hope, so far baffled, that the surviving partner of the late Mr. Fair might make a fair settlement of the company affairs.

"So much I heard before I left, but afterward I got well posted in the whole business, and was lucky enough to secure for the widow quite a considerable sum of money out of the wreck of her fortunes. Of course, in giving the requisite information, it was necessary to call upon my clients occasionally, and I somehow came to get so full of apprehension that these visits had to be made with increasing frequency.

"There was, too, some other little service always cropping up that I was able to render; and by the time everything was arranged we had become such excellent friends that it was with real sorrow I heard Mrs. Fair at last fix upon a certain date for her return to the States. Before this time came, however, a rather startling adventure occurred.

"In carrying on my own business I was obliged to go now and then to Balize City, and on these occasions I generally became back with me a large sum of money to pay my workmen. I used to ride down to Balize River, leave my horse at a *hacienda* there, take the fast sailing boat for the port and get back on the third day.

"About nine o'clock in the morning on one of my return trips, I had ridden over half the distance between the river and my camp, when some way beyond on the forest trail I saw a white woman walking swiftly towards me. This was such an unusual sight that I drew rein in astonishment; but the next moment something familiar in the figure caused me to dash forward and I found the pedestrianess to be Mary Fair.

"On coming close I saw that she was very pale and almost sinking with fatigue, but her sweet face bore an expression of lofty resolve which, in my eyes, only heightened its charm. Springing from my horse, I seized her hand and exclaimed:

"'Merciful heaven! Miss Fair, what is wrong? You here, on foot, and ten miles from home! Your mother—'

"'My mother is quite well, Mr. Wood,' she replied, flushing a rosy red; 'but you are in great danger, and—and I came to warn you.'

"'To warn me, Miss Fair, and of what?' I asked. 'Is it possible you have walked all this distance merely to do me a service?'

"'There was no other way of reaching you,' she said simply. 'I had no time to find a trusty messenger; and if you were not intercepted this side of El Demonio Pass, your life would be lost.'

"'My life lost! Is the danger then so serious?' I inquired.

"'Yes, yes,' she hurriedly answered, 'and—you must not think me unwomanly—I—my mo her thought that one of us should come to meet you; and you know I could not let her take such a journey when—when I am so young and strong.'

"'Bless your noble heart! Tell me all about it, Miss Fair,' said I, leading the agitated girl to a seat on a fallen tree.

"'Well,' she began, 'just before dark last evening, I went to the spring for water as usual. I had filled the pail and was turning away, when I thought I heard some one on the other side of that little mesquite grove—you know where it is—mention your name. This quite startled me; and, hardly knowing why, I crept silently to the edge of the grove and peeping cautiously through, saw that four wicked-looking sambos had camped down there for the night. The men were talking very low in Spanish patois, but I heard and understood every word, and could hardly keep from screaming, when I heard them arrange all the details of a plot to waylay, murder and rob you in El Demonio Pass. They said that you would have to go through there some time this forenoon and would have a great deal of money with you. I was terribly frightened, but I managed to get away without being seen, and then walked back to the house as carelessly as I could and told my mother. We were not at all afraid of the men for ourselves, as they knew we had no money to steal; but, of course, they would have killed us if they had known their plot was discovered. Mother said we must warn you at all hazards; so I got up long before daylight this morning, when the sambos were fast asleep. Mother kissed me good-bye, and here I am.

"'God bless your brave soul! How can I ever repay you?' I exclaimed. 'But do you know, Miss Fair, how the ruffians are armed?'

"'Only with *machetes*, I think. At least I did not see any guns, though they may have pistols,' she answered.

"'Not very likely. These fellows generally gamble away everything except their *machetes*,' I said.

"'Yes,' rejoined Miss Fair, 'but they are four to one, and expect to rush upon us in those horrible knives and kill you before you have a chance to shoot.'

"'Now El Demonio (or the Devil's) Pass is a deep gap in the Negra hills, and is so narrow that in many places a mounted man cannot turn about in it. No better spot for an ambuscade can be imagined, as the trail is very steep and grown over almost everywhere by a dense mass of rhexia thorns, dwarf palms and stunted mangrove, furnishing complete cover for any number of evil-doers.

"The pass was about two miles beyond the place where Miss Fair met me, and there was no way of avoiding it without making a *detour* of ten times that distance. However, I did not wish to shirk the passage, as I was heavily armed with a sixteen-shooter rifle carbine, slung to the saddle, and a pair of navy revolvers in the holsters, thus giving me command of twenty-eight shots—enough, I thought, to rout a whole army of half-breeds—and I felt very little dread of a scrimmage.

"'With much coaxing, I persuaded Miss Fair to mount my horse, while I walked by her side, and we went slowly on.

"'Before making the last sharp turn, which would have brought us within sight of the gap, a hundred yards or so ahead, I resumed the saddle, handed one of the revolvers to my companion, and asked her to remain where she was until I returned.

"'Oh, Mr. Wood, let me go with you!' she cried. 'Perhaps when these bad men see that there are two of us they will run away.'

"'"Two of us," indeed!' I laughed. 'No, no; you might get hurt, and then how could I face your mother, dear?'

"'But I'm not a bit afraid now, and you know two pairs of eyes are better than one, and we can watch both sides of the pass at once,' pleaded my brave girl.

"'You must not think of such a thing, Miss Fair,' I said earnestly. 'Good bye; don't fear for me; I shall soon be back.'

"The now trembling girl gave me her hand and I rode forward with my carbine lying across the pommel of my saddle.

"'There was no sign of life to be seen as I entered the defile, but presently a purple macaw, perched on the top of a wild tamarind, uttered its harsh cry and moved to its rest. Presently about; whether disturbed by me or something else I did not know.

"'Nothing suspicious could be visible, however, and I supposed that the sambos had not yet reached their ambush, when, just as I was passing through a rather open part of the gap, I heard a sibilant whisper behind me, and looking up, saw the loop of a lasso fly out from an overhanging rock. I stooped like lightning, and the deadly noose whizzed harmlessly back.

"'Then I gave the rawhide line a half hitch around the saddle-bow, and, spurring my horse, drew it out of its ambush after them, try as I might, I could not catch a glimpse.

"'About twenty yards in front of me a great bowlder had fallen into the path, so nearly blocking it that there was barely room left for a horse to squeeze past. I made up my mind that from behind this the decisive attack would come, and I held one ready for them.

"'My horse went quietly along until his nose projected beyond the rock, but then he snorted loudly recalled with a loud oath of alarm. The trouble was at once; it also was time to shoot, the bit seized and an attempt made to lead the animal around the curve; but he jerked back in terror and pulled a hideous looking sambo into full view. The next instant the miscreant fell with a bullet through his brain, and I slid off over the croupper, making the horse completely filling the passage, a bulwark between the assailants and myself.

"'I hope that the fellows would come out of cover now and thus give me an easy victory; but they were too cunning for this, and for a minute, perhaps, no move was made on either side. The poor horse, unable to advance or retreat, stood trembling with fear. His quivering ears told me that the rascals were still in their hiding place; and kneeling down on the hard path I looked steadily ahead, hoping to get a shot past his legs in case they showed themselves.

"'But they had a safe game. My attention was wholly fixed on the danger in front, and I had totally forgotten the lasso incident, when I felt a jerk at my feet and was pulled over on me. I sprang to my feet in time to see a *machete* blade flash through the air. The least fraction of a second's delay and my head would have been split in two; but I caught the descending blow upon my carbine barrel, and almost in the same no ion brought the latter down upon the skull of the swarthy brute, who sank lifeless to the ground.

"'Naturally, I stood for an instant gazing upon my work. The whole episode had not occupied one-quarter of a minute. But that was enough! The two remaining villains, apparently having waited for this diversion, had crept under the body of my horse, and as I turned in my tracks, both together threw themselves upon me, not having time nor room to strike effectively.

"'They were big, heavy ruffians, and the assault was so sudden that I was borne down at once, and lay, in a moment, helpless, with their cruel eyes glaring close to mine. But yet, lying flat upon my back, I held with a death-clutch to the carbine, and all their efforts could not take it away. The revolver which I had left in my belt, was beneath me, and the scoundrels were so hard put to it to hold me down that neither of them had time to use his machete.

"'They raved and cursed, pulled and tugged like madmen; but still I held on. Then a new idea struck them. Both knelt with all their Herculean strength upon my body, and one of them, releasing the hold of his right hand, drew a knife.

"'It then that the end had come, and I tell you, Will, that I hated awfully to die. In less time than the eye can wink, my whole life seemed to pass before me, and the instantaneous consideration ended by an agonizing thought of the poor girl waiting for me in the gloomy forest, her heroic efforts on my behalf all in vain.

"'I shut my eyes as the murderous wretch fixed his gaze upon my bare throat and raised his knife on high. But the blow did not fall; for, before the armed hand had time to descend, a blinding sheet of flame shot athwart my closed lids, a sharp report rang out, and the would-be assassin fell across my breast, his black heart pierced by a bullet from the pistol of Mary Fair.

"'His accomplice uttered a frightful yell, let go the carbine and made a dash up the hillside for cover. Too late. He had not climbed half-way when the little mesquite grove—you know where it is—mention your name. This quite startled me; and, hardly knowing why, I crept silently to the edge of the grove and peeping cautiously through, saw that four wicked-looking sambos had camped down there for the night. The men were talking very low in Spanish patois, but I heard and understood every word, and could hardly keep from screaming, when I heard them arrange all the details of a plot to waylay, murder and rob you in El Demonio Pass. They said that you would have to go through there some time this forenoon and would have a great deal of money with you. I was terribly frightened, but I managed to get away without being seen,

"'Why, Harry, when I heard your first shot, I followed you at once, and had just hidden myself behind that little bush there, when the two men sprang upon you. They were too busy to notice me, and I pointed the pistol straight at the breast of the one with the knife, and pulled the trigger. That is all. How glad mother will be now that my poor father taught me how to shoot.'

"'We said a great deal more, you may be sure, but it would not be interesting to you; and as Miss Fair was shuddering with horror over her own brave deed, I lifted her once more to the saddle, and we set out on our eight mile ride to her mother's home. Mrs. Fair met us long before we reached the *hacienda*, and was overwhelmed with joy on finding us both unhurt.

"'Shortly after this event, I wound up my business and returned to the States, where I have spent the remainder of my life, for in all my wanderings I have found no country quite so good as our own.'

"'And what became of your fair friend, Harry? do you ever hear from them now?' I inquired.

"'Yes, often,' he replied. 'The last time I did so, they were well and happy. But let us go into the cabin, old fellow. It's getting rather hot on deck.'

Harry was on his way to a small music-room off the ladies' saloon, but seeing that it was already occupied by two singularly beautiful women, I was about to beat a retreat, when he laughingly called me back and said:

"'Ladies, this is my old comrade, Mr. T——, of whom you have heard me speak so often. Will, this is my respected mother-in-law; and this' (putting his arm around the younger lady) "is my wife Mary—a young woman formerly addicted to roaming the wilds of Honduras and shooting sambos."

Books and Magazines.

Professor Lanciani's paper on The Pageant at Rome in the Year 17 B. C., has the foremost place in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February. It is devoted to an account of the public games held in Rome seventeen years before Christ, and instituted under the patronage of Augustus. Writing of Rome reminds us of Mr. Crawford's second instalment of Don Orsino. Another subject, still Italian, is A Venetian Printer-Publisher in the Sixteenth Century. Henrietta Channing Dana discusses What Constitutes Style, and gives a lucid and pathetic picture of the life of a French school and the kind of training which French girls receive in it. Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard University, a Kentuckian by birth, writes with knowledge on The Border State Men of the Civil War. Professor E. P. Evans writes about The Nearness of Animals to Men, and Mr. Albert H. Tolman devotes an able paper to Studies in Macbeth. A discussion of The Scientific Use of Political Instruments, and reviews of a dozen or more volumes of recent fiction, under the title of The Short Story, complete a number well composed and thoroughly worth reading.

Scribner's Magazine for February contains eight illustrated articles representing the work of skilful artists. Mr. Coffin's second article on American Illustration of To-day, discusses a notable group of artists, including Abbey, Blashfield, Miller, Crane and others, with examples of their work. Another art paper is the unpublished reminiscences of Henry Greenough, which concern Washington Allston's habit Painter. The fiction includes short stories by Octave Thanet, Edwin C. Martin, Bliss Perry, and the sixth instalment of The Wreckers, which is midway in the progress of the story, and contains a chapter deepening the mystery in regard to the wreck. An article on the old Dutch Cookery Book of 1752, by the wife of Commander Chadwick, U. S. N., an essay on The Illusions of Memory, by Professor Wm. H. Burnham, and poems by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Archibald Lampman, and Eliza Woodworth, with the Point of View, complete a number which appeals to a wide circle of readers interested in many things.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, Roy the Royalist, is by Mr. William Westall, and is a stirring tale of adventure in the wars of Napoleon. Though its events date back nearly a century, they are presented in the brisk and business-like modern manner. The *Journalist Series* is continued by Mr. Julian Chambers of the New York *World*, in an interesting paper entitled The Managing Editor. He duly magnifies the office of this potentate, discloses some of his secrets, and tells by what various means he attains his most striking and profitable successes, as in two famous cases—the *Tribune's* list of the firms turned out in the great Boston fire of November 9, 1872, and the *Herald's* publication, in 1887, of the President's message before it reached the Senate. The poets are present in unusual numbers, and they are mostly women—Louise Chandler Moulton, Elizabeth Carpenter, Kate Putnam Osgood, Kate P. Lathrop and Mary Isabella Forsyth. Besides these there are bits of verse from Charles Converse Tyler and the late Philip Bourke Marston, and a reproduction of the true text of St. George Tucker's song, once famous and now (it was thought) in danger of being forgotten. A short and highly imaginative story, Jermyn's Portrait, by the Marquise Clara Lanza, completes the number.

Hard Luck.

I called upon my lady love
Against her stern behest;
So she just pressed the button—
The footman did the rest.

The Brilliant Spirit of Repartee.

She—It is reported around town that we are engaged.

He—I have heard worse things than that.

She—I never have.

Worse and Worse.

First Girl (writing for the man who doesn't come)—David said in his haste, "All men are liars."

The Other Bitter One—If he lived in the present age, he might have made the statement at his leisure.

An Anti-Poverty Union.

She—Was it a mercenary marriage?

He—Yes. They were both too poor to stay engaged any longer.

It Was the First.

George—Whew! What can be the matter? Telegram says, "Come home, immediately."

George (rushing into his suburban home, one hour later)—Tell me quick, my dear. What is it?

Young Wife—The baby said "Mama."

In No Hurry.

Mrs. O'F.—Can I have my husband put in jail for slapping me in the mouth?

Magistrate—Certainly; that is assault and battery.

"Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge."

"Why not have him arrested at once?"

"Well, you see, when he slapped me I hit him in the head with a rollin' pin, and he's now in the hospital, and the doctors says he won't be able to get out for a month, yet."

Reminded of Home.

"And now," said the Gotham host, as he rose from the dining-table, "will you step into the drawing-room, and join the ladies?"

"With pleasure," responded the guest from New Orleans; "I always attend the drawings with great regularity."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions not connected with study of the law of duty of ability, it is signed Butterfly. It shows adaptability, sociability and very good disposition, but is faintly marked, constancy is wea; carelessness of detail, and easy good nature are plain. Writer has but little culture, taste or delicacy of perception, but is honest, considerate and fond of praise.

YONNE.—This is eloquent writing, showing energy, impatience, sharpness of observation and speech. Tendency to look down upon others is marked, and is an evil tendency, sarcasm, rather quick temper, ability and some pride. The writer has some insight and tact, but her feelings are not under good control, need sweetening as well as discipline. A good deal of energy is unproductive, and some extravagance of ideas is shown, but it is a very interesting study.

FRETHERN.—A practical, well-controlled and sensible characteristic, determined, self-reliant and prompt in action, lacking in the gentler attributes, tact, sympathy and love of your kind and but faintly shown. I should fancy self-reliance, independent but not necessarily original ideas, precision and care, a certain honesty and directness and some reserve your leading traits. Several lines made for the better traits of a very much to be respected character.

ELFE.—You have good memory and sufficient self-control, but are rather careless, have but little ideality, though considerable conscientiousness. You are about six of one and half a dozen of the other for and against your success in the line you mention. Force and originality are shown, also prudence in speech and conduct. The writing is good, though not artistic or particularly refined. It shows some self-will and pretty good opinion of yourself (which has a better foundation than is often noticed).

M. E. A. M.—A practical sort of nature, fond of praise, and probably very less and warm in affection, judgment is good, love of art and some taste for music are faintly shown. The writer would keep all her fads and liking in proper subjection, have more consideration for others and not severely controlled, sometimes her judgment of others is sharp, but it tries to be just, she is careful and prudent in speech, very decided in opinions. writing shows no ambition or wit. I should fancy writer would be a person to be trusted and relied upon.

J. V. CRAWFORD.—Your letter received with two-cent American stamp enclosed. Now, V. J., in the first place, the stamp is no use here; in the second place graphological editor has something else to do than make studies and send them in letters to Caledonia just for the pleasure of obliging you—providing envelope, stamp and fifteen minutes work for a person who confesses they don't take our paper. No, no, V. J., send half a dollar, or send no more and you'll get it by return mail, that is, if you "happen to come across" this same paper.

ROYAL TINE.—Culture and refined taste, love of society, slightly prejudiced or faulty judgment, sustained effort which grows more determined when once fairly started, great powers of imagination and a slightly romantic tendency, some temper of the still and dangerous sort, care for details and practical management with all your ardent, beautiful writing tacks is buoyancy, hope and a sense of humor. All the finer traits are evident, but your character is stable, but is rather cold, proud and self-sufficient. I assume to such writing, but I don't smile as it or remark "a clever little woman." As I do to others.

ORTHODOXIA.—I hope you inclosed a coupon, my friend. I don't find one in your envelope, but perhaps it has fallen out, and as you have written a good deal, I suppose you are careless one is not on the envelope, I dare say it did. Your very eloquent writing speaks well for your education. Large place good ability, some force but not enough concentration. All your ideas go up, not down. You are full of fun and natural witty, but you will be ill-natured neither nor do you parade it. Generous in your dealings, happy even in trying circumstances, you are without doubt a great deal more popular.

MARIE LOUISE.—I set aside your letter to answer at once, but it has been unintentionally put back in the pile of proofs. I do hope you will forgive me. Illness has kept me sick since November. My dear, whenever you feel like writing, do so. I shall be glad to see you, and will do my best at once. As to your writing, while it is very legible, it is not very pretty, but that has nothing to do with its graphological aspect. It shows a very warm affection, prudence, constant and consistent effort, rather a self-absorbed nature, rather fastidious and very sensitive. You lack tact, and could not readily accept and conditions of life, but are patient enough, and need love and encouragement to make you a less forceful character.

SAM JONES.—The complaint you say people make about your writing, my dear boy, is true to me. Whatever do you mean by saying it is ineffable? If they say it is illegible they are way off, for it is very good writing indeed. Your block letters are very good, and the rest, and it is quite true. Your writing confesses you to be an admirer of beautiful things, an easy tempered, straightforward, persistent and bright young man. You can make yourself reasonably happy in almost any circumstances, are fond of good dinners, and appreciate good cooking, are fairly sufficiently energetic, and if handwriting is not, a very popular and amiable fellow. You have no visionary ideas, are not apt to lose your hold on what you have, are fond of humor, and rather apt to say a good thing yourself sometimes. Nice boy, really.

FAYNE.—Some people labor under the disadvantage of self consciousness or nervousness, which they may show so often by a cold and unresponsive hand clasp, so by a too effusive manner. I know an unctious man, whom I have good reason not to trust, whose hand shake is warm and hearty, and he is the incarnation of hypocrisy. I know another, mild, retiring, studious, who gives one a hand like a limp fish, but who is very conscientious, reliable and valuable, and who is very sensitive and tender feelings, so you can't go much by the way a man shakes hands, though it seems a sign of the temperament and nature of the shaker. Your writing shows very great love of the beautiful, amiability, ease of manner, large imagination, fancy and a good deal of sentiment, large hopefulness, adaptibility. A very beautiful and attractive writing.

REBECCA.—Instead of the cat or the parrot I should like you to have a good deal of sympathy for the poor people in the kinks out of your handwriting; also you might throw in a few lessons on composition and not make mind of your sentences so in the dark. Well, I mean by study. This is quite apart from the study, and is in answer to the question you ask about the way of making your journey easy, as to the advisibility of going to distant lands, or do missionary work, out of consideration for the heathen, I say "no" you won't do much harm at home, you might do a great deal among the heathen! I have no fortunately been obliged to keep you waiting some time, but the delay is unavoidable. Your writing shows determined effort and strong opinions, lacks tact, sympathy, sense of humor and perception. You are very kind, but not generous, rather fond of a gossip, but more inconsiderate than ill natured. I think that you've had very great experience, or else have neglected to improve by it. You are reasonably careful, but very capricious.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

One of the most important preparations of this class is *Alaska Cream*, which, as a skin dressing, has no equal. She writes of Alaska Cream: "As a protection to the complexion against the roughening and hardening effect of cold winds your Alaska Cream is simply superb, and as a cosmetic it keeps the complexion clear, soft and white. As it is neither greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion."

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everything is going—best lot
of washtubs ever seen together.
Eddy's best make, 4 sizes, 45, 55,
69 and 79c., worth from 75c to
$1.25. Best wooden pails, 2 hoop,
15c; 3 hoop, 19c; splendidly finished wooden bowls and trays, 8,
12 and 19c. Very large mixing bowls for bakers use, 49c, usually 81. Coal racks, 9, 10 and 15, usually 15 to 25c. Clothes baskets, best peeled willow, medium, 59; large, 79; chip or split baskets, 25c. Snow shovels, boys', 9 and 14c. Sp endid hardwood shovel, double tubed and iron bound, 25c, worth 40c. Tinware is going too. Those beautiful and strong gold-handled scuttles, 15c; large with funnel, 20c. Splendid copper bottom boilers—No 8, 99, worth $1.75. Toilet paper, full packages wrapped and on hook, 21 per doz. Agate ironware, best made, 10, complete assortment, at 50 cent of usual price. No. 9 copper bottom tea kettle, 46c; worth 75. Tea pots, 8c. Dippers, 5; worth 10c. A lot of pillow sham holders 20 each, usually 75c. A splendid assortment of sleighs, 15% up, much less than wholesale price. A few very beautifully upholstered baby sleighs, $8 99, were $10. We are sacrificing cleaner, crockery and lamps. Fine Tea Kettles, 70 each. Best flint chimneys, 5; worth 10c. These are but few of 10,100 things as cheap and desirable. Come and see.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

BY ALL CHEMISTS

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." It was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS.

Music

THE name of Patti still charms and draws the audiences as much as ever, and on Tuesday evening the Pavilion held a very large audience in spite of the ominous head-shaking of the croakers who thought that she would not be a powerful enough attraction at the money. As to the price, there have always been objections raised to the prices charged for Patti appearances in America, and while they are unquestionably high and exorbitant, yet the public has the remedy in its own hands if it chooses to stay away. The market value of an article, after all, is what it will bring and if a thousand or more people will pay five dollars each to hear Adelina Patti sing, why Adelina Patti shows her wisdom in seeing that she gets the most of the money. But these matters have another aspect besides the mere question of Patti and five dollars. It is notorious that in opera the high price paid to Patti makes it impossible to give an opera in which she appears with a sufficiently excellent support to make a perfect ensemble. There is no money left for this, and the result is Patti and a lot of little starlets, while on the other nights of the late Abbey tour there were magnificent arrays of Eames, Ravogli, de Reszke and Lassalle. So in the concert on Tuesday evening a good contralto and tenor supported Patti, while the other two artists were not so satisfactory.

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Then the programme announced that the entire chorus and orchestra from the Metropolitan (N.Y.) Opera House would appear, but the chorus was probably lost in a snow bank, or it may have stopped over to admire the Falls, for it certainly was not visible to the naked eye. The orchestra was there, but only to a limited extent, only twenty instrumentalists being on hand. There was a pretty full wind complement, so that the strings were correspondingly weak, the first violins being only two in number. This made the tone of the overtures and accompaniments somewhat thick, and occasionally a decided waver between the sides of the band was noticeable in spite of the presence of the veteran conductor, Arditi.

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Of course everyone was on the *qui vive* to hear Patti herself and when she made her first appearance it was quite a while before she could commence her aria, so great and prolonged was the applause. She looks as beautiful as ever, and the hair that she wore—I am afraid to alter that verb—was not red or chestnut as we had been led to expect, but was a fine brownish black. In this shade it differed from the color of the hair I had seen on Patti's head in former years. Then it was blonde, Her dress I will not attempt to describe further than to say that she wore a king's ransom in diamonds. Her voice was better than on her previous visit, being much truer in intonation than it was then. In fact there was only one doubtful note sung by her and that was the very last one of the evening. The voice is still wondrously pure and rich and smooth, showing no signs of wear, except in the Bel Raggio aria in which much of her florid work was shrill and rough. On the other hand, in the Lucia number she sang with the most delightful correctness and ease, no matter what difficulties were presented. Her chromatic runs were exquisitely pearly in character. The vociferous recall resulted in the singing of The Last Rose of Summer, followed by Home, Sweet Home. I know that I shall be looked upon as a Paillistine by many of the fifteen hundred people present at the concert on Tuesday evening, when I say that apart from the beautiful vocalization I do not see why people rave about Patti's singing of these songs. Her voice does not strike me as being very sympathetic, nor does her delivery show feeling, except its simulation.

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The contralto, Mlle Fabbri, was a most delightful singer. She has a beautiful, resonant voice, brilliant in quality and very flexible, with excellent range. Her singing of the Arsace Cavatina in Semiramide was more than satisfactory, and was one of the most brilliant successes of the evening. Signor Gallis, too, sang splendidly, giving the audience a liberal contribution of high C's. He was in fine voice, and was encored for each of his songs. Del Puente, the whilom "silky baritone," is falling off, I am sorry to say. He has had no greater admirer in Toronto than myself, yet I am compelled to confess that the body is going out of his voice. Signor Novara, the basso of the party, has a big, solid voice, but it is not as musical in quality as I should like. I know I shall hear that I am in a faultfinding disposition this week, but the fact is that no matter how good the details of a concert company are, they are measured by something more than the mere abstract excellence, or otherwise, of their performances. I am measuring the Patti concert with a five dollar rule.

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The new direction of the Philharmonic Society is getting to work with great energy, and somewhat on the lines favored by me last week. A circular has been sent to all choirmasters and singers generally to invite their co-operation in an effort to raise the chorus to five hundred competent voices. This effort is most laudable, and I hope that many worthy additions to the chorus will be found in its ranks when Callirhoe and The Redemption come up for performance. But let the management beware of the rock on which its predecessors have struck before; and let them look out for quality first and quantity afterwards. I have been told that last week's remarks on this subject have been taken as meaning something inimical to the Philharmonic Society, and have been commented upon accordingly in several organ lofts. The fact is that the truth is not always palatable. Yet medicine is sometimes equally unpleasant, but we have to take it occasionally. The public mention of the past difficulties of the Philharmonic Society is no more inimical to that body than was the fact that everybody in Toronto musical circles was aware of the position of affairs. That the Philharmonic Society had reached a crisis in its history is not to be denied, nor will any sensible man acquainted with music and affairs fail to agree with me in my conclusions as to the proper remedy. I have the best feeling for the Philharmonic Society, have spent many enjoyable hours in its chorus, and would like no better relaxation, could I afford the time, than to go into that chorus again and help in the Redemption and Callirhoe.

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I see that the *London Musical Standard* has lately copied an article by our clever young townsman, Mr. A. S. Vogt, on The Organ, its Use and Abuse, which was first printed in the *Musical Herald*.

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Mr. Beddoe, who will sing the part of Symon in the Beggar Student, had great success in Brantford last week as Ralph Rackstraw in Pinafore, under the direction of our former townsman, Mr. G. H. Fairclough.

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On Tuesday next Mr. Frederic Boscovitz's third concert will take place at the Normal School, when he will play a Fantasia by Nickelman, a pupil of Bach, composed in 1735; and a group of Chopin, Liszt and Saint-Saens pieces. On Thursday afternoon he will play at the Loretto Abbey; on Friday he will play at Mrs. Neville's; on February 16 he will give a Chopin evening in Brantford; and on February 19 he will play for the University Glee Club—a very good slate.

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Those in search of amusement should keep their eye on the Lacrosse Club Minstrels on Friday and Saturday next at the Academy of Music.

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Mr. W. F. Rochester, a fine comedian who will sing the part of General Ollendorff in the Beggar Student, has arrived in town and has taken charge of the stage management, which means that the Harmony Club is now harder at work than ever. The rehearsals are now well attended, and the music is in splendid shape.

METRONOME.

A Grand House of Unique Interest

Mr. Frederick R. Leyland, the head of the well known Liverpool Leyland line of steamers, whose sudden death was lately announced, realized at his residence in the immediate neighborhood of Prince's gate his dream of living the life of an old Venetian merchant in modern London. On entering the large entrance hall the first thing that strikes the visitor is the staircase, with its fine balustrade of gilt bronze which once adorned Northumberland House. The color of the hall and of the staircase is green from the foot to the top of the house. The whole is panelled in shades of willow. The dado of the darker shades is enriched with panels imitating aventurine lacquer, decorated with delicate sprigs of pale rose and white flowers in the Japanese style. These panels were painted by J. M'Neil Whistler. On the walls of the staircases are arranged Burne Jones's Circe, Rossetti's Loving Cup, and Legro's Rehearsal, while on the walls of the hall itself are placed The Sea Spell, Dis Manibus, and La Pia, by Rossetti; Cupid Revering Psyche, by Burne Jones, A. R. A., and a portrait by G. F. Watts, R. A. of Rossetti. These give the keynote to the late Mr. Leyland's tastes. The place of honor in his house is divided between Dante Rossetti and Sandro Botticelli.

The dining room is famous in the art world as the Peacock Room. This description it owes to the decoration with which Mr. Whistler has enriched the walls. The general color scheme of the room is turquoise-blue and gold, and the only ornaments are pieces of blue and white china, displayed on shelves of carved and gilt wood. The room, as it was originally conceived, was hung with Spanish leather, and it was by a mere fluke that Whistler came to decorate it. The story is as follows: Mr. Leyland, having purchased a picture by Whistler, representing a girl dressed in a Japanese robe, hung it over a fireplace, where it still remains. Mr. Whistler, having inspected the arrangement, complained that the red flowers scattered over the gold ground of the Spanish leather hurt the harmony of his picture, and proposed to paint them out. Mr. Leyland gave a thousand pounds for his Spanish leather, but he nevertheless allowed the impressionist leader to have his way, whereupon Whistler went on painting and painting until the Spanish leather disappeared entirely and a new and absolutely unique decorative scheme of blue and gold, in which the chief motif was peacocks and their feathers, appeared in its place. Walls, woodwork, and ceiling are entirely covered with these Japanese compositions. Over the buffet at the end of the room opposite the fireplace is an oblong panel sixteen feet long, where Mr. Whistler has depicted two peacocks in aggressive attitudes, designed in gold on a blue ground. One peacock of unruffled elegance is supposed by some subtle intellectual readers to represent the artist, and the other peacock, with disordered plumage and irate mien, standing on a pile of shekels, is identified with the artist's patron. The background is dotted with flying feathers and masses of gold, and the whole composition has reference, we are told, to a difference that arose between the artist and the late Mr. Leyland with respect to the cost of the work. This cryptic panel was the painter's vengeance, but its hidden meaning is so discreetly concealed that it would remain lost in the spirited charm of the whole, had not anecdotic memories treasured up the souvenir of the artist's wrath and of its ingenious manifestation.

It is a remarkable fact that, besides estranging Whistler and Mr. Leyland, the Peacock Room had a far more tragic consequence. Mr. Jeckyll, who had designed and completely finished the room when Mr. Whistler came on the scene, had already suffered several disappointments, owing to accident having deprived him of the credit of his work in Mr. Leyland's house. When Mr. Jeckyll saw the Spanish leather disappear and the peacock harmony in blue and gold become the talk of London, he went home and commenced to paint the floor of his bedroom gold, and in a few weeks he died insane in a private lunatic asylum. The pictures are choice.

A Winning Sadness.

Jessie—What a pretty face Kitty has! but a little sorrowful, don't you think?

Ned—Yes; that sad expression is her strong hold. No man ever sees it without feeling a fierce desire to spend the rest of his life in making her happy.

Surprising Him.

Bonder.—Don't see you on 'Change, nowadays.

Wipedout.—No; I've left you fellows, and gone into an honest business.

Bonder.—Great Scott! I didn't know there was any.

All things are changing, and thou thyself art in continuous mutation and in a manner in continuous destruction, and the whole universe too.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Can't Help It.

"What perverse creatures servants are."

"How else could they be? The fact that they are aliens and domestics at one and the same time tends to make them so."

Bather.

"Mamma," asked a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

China and Japan.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant reference to figures, a custom so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these unique yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy should write or call upon Mr. W. R. Callaway, 113 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.

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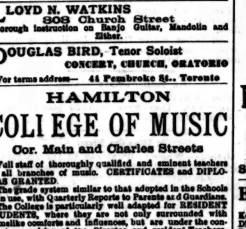

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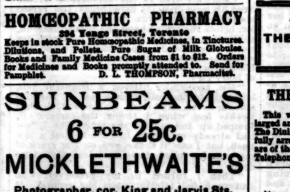

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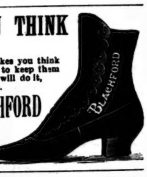

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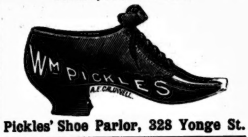

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Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

nished by Mr. Maitland of Marion street. Among those present were Miss C. and Miss D. McKerihen, Miss Mabel Walker, Miss Logan, Miss Maud Walker, Miss Murchesson, Miss Jennie Rae, Miss White, Miss Irvine, Miss Gibson, Miss M. and Miss L. Hollyman, Miss Broughton, Mr. McIntyre, Mr. W. Dickie, Mr. Harrison, Mr. A. Dickie, Mr. Irvine, Mr. Sailer, Mr. Webster, Mr. Little, Mr. Smiley, Mr. Monck, Mr. Fraleigh, Mr. F. and Mr. H. McKerihen and Mr. Harry Redway.

•

Mrs. James Scott gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party last evening.

•

Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry gives an At Home on next Wednesday afternoon.

•

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson has returned from England.

•

A charming tea was given on Friday of last week by Mrs. Thompson of Churchill avenue, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Paylin, who is at present staying with her.

•

Mrs. Lindsey of Beverley street entertained a few friends on Thursday, January 21, at five o'clock tea. Among the number were Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mrs. Reesor, and others.

•

Colonel G. T. Denison is on a visit to Major-General Herbert of Ottawa.

•

The world and his wife attended the Patti concert, and packed the Pavilion with dress coats and modish opera wraps. There were the usual cheerful souls who conversed freely during the other parts of the programme, and only kept their tongues in check while the diva and her diamonds held them agape. There was the lady who had heard Patti more years ago than she would tell, and the *blase* and *difficile* male person who railed against everyone in the company, and all the other bores and nuisances to whom our sins condemn us. Yet, in spite of them all, the music-lovers had their enjoyment. Numerous parties from Hamilton, Owen Sound, St. Catharines and other towns and cities arrived for the concert, and listened to some capital songs, as well as to the matchless warbling of the prima donna.

•

Zetland Masonic Lodge hold their annual reception in the Masonic hall, Toronto street, on Friday evening next.

Paderewski.

Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, the music publishers whose enterprise in matters musical has been often before demonstrated, have arranged to give the musical people of Toronto the opportunity of seeing and hearing this great pianist. A few words regarding his study and career will not be out of place.

Ignace Jan Paderewski first saw the light at Podolia, a province of Russian Poland, on November 6, 1860, and at the early age of three began to play the piano. At the age of eighteen he was nominated professor of music to the Warsaw Conservatory, and it is no secret that the money earned in this capacity was devoted to the acquisition of general knowledge after the hours when his musical duties had ceased. In 1884 he held a professorship at the Conservatory of Music in Strasburg, but during that year he abandoned teaching and resolved upon the more fascinating career of a pianistic virtuoso. Paderewski accordingly removed to Vienna, and placed himself under his fellow countryman, Theodor Leschetizky, the well known successful trainer of pianists, and husband of the no less famous pianiste, Annette Essipoff, and at the expiration of three years' hard study he made his *debut* before the critical Viennese public in 1887, and was at once proclaimed to be one of the most remarkable pianists of the day. From this date he paid several visits to the principal towns throughout Germany, always with increasing success, and in the autumn of 1889 he made his first appearance before a Parisian audience, and became the "lion" of the Paris season. He made his first appearance in London at St. James' Hall, in May, 1890.

The musical world of London, Paris and Vienna he had at his feet, and since coming to America has not only substantiated all that had been said and written of him as an artist, but his performances in New York, Boston and Chicago have made his great reputation familiar and more emphatic. That the musical people of Toronto will give him a splendid welcome is evidenced by a glance at the names on the subscribers' list at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' music warerooms.

It is to be hoped that he will play his celebrated Menuet at his concert here.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Last Thursday evening one of the most enjoyable dances ever given in Hamilton was the one at Blackstone, given by Mr. and Mrs. Lottridge in honor of their guest Miss Nora Armour of Cobourg. The beautiful mansion was a bower of rare exotics and roses and every nook and corner was occupied by those who preferred a quiet flirtation to the mazy dance. Mrs. Lottridge looked very handsome in a gown of black satin with under skirt of white and silver brocade with white tips; Miss Lottridge assisted her mother in receiving her guests, in a cream silk muslin with egg plant velvet bodice; Miss Armour looked very attractive in a gown of pale blue *chiffon* and silk; Mrs. Walker wore a very handsome gown of cream faille and gold; Mrs. Mackelcan looked remarkably well in lettuce green silk with fur trimmings; Mrs. A. Murray was attired in a pretty gown of white satin and green *chiffon*; Miss A. Hobson looked lovely in white silk and blue velvet; Miss Young looked well in pale pink brocade; Miss Gillard in black net looked very pretty; Miss Chapman wore a very artistic gown of white brocade and flowers; Miss Hendrie wore her bridesmaid's costume of mauve brocade; Miss Tina Hendrie was attired in black lace; Miss Macpherson was much admired in pale pink gauze with green ribbons, bouquet of carnations; Mrs. Crerar looked well in black lace and violets; Miss Roe also looked well in black, with jet and violets; Miss A. Dewar in mauve and white was much admired; Miss Eva Watson looked very pretty in pale blue; Miss Briggs in pale pink looked well; Mrs. Skinner's gown of pale mauve and yellow brocade was one of the prettiest in the room; Mrs. Worthington was handsomely gowned in pale blue satin and duchesse lace; Miss Dunlop wore yellow silk; Miss Turner looked very handsome in yellow satin and black jet; Miss Carr wore a pretty gown of mauve *chiffon*; Miss Leggat wore a very pretty gown of black and blue satin. The sterner sex were well represented. Messrs. Bellhouse, Bankier, Beatty, Gates, H. Gates, Gillespie, Southam, Bruce, Burns, Garre, Harvey, Hamilton, Duncan, McGiverin, Billet, Thompson, Turner, Moreton, Murray, Ferrie, E. Ferrie, Drs. O'Reilly, Osborne, Beemer, Cummings and others being present.

Mrs. Stuart of Inglewood gave a charming dinner on Thursday evening of last week to the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Misses Hamilton, David, Hendrie, Ramsay, Leggat, Messrs. Browne, Dr. Osborne, Beatty, Davidson and Bruce.

Mr. Davidson of the Bank of Montreal, Chatham, N. B., has been appointed to the staff of that bank here in place of Mr. Ricketts.

Miss Hall of Springfield, Mass., is the guest of Miss Baker, Burlington Terrace.

Miss Fuller Claremont entertained the following ladies at luncheon in honor of Miss MacPherson of Kingston: Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Misses Leggat, Turner, Hobson, Dunlop, Hendrie and Briggs.

Mr. Alex. Harvey has been confined to bed for the last week with a serious attack of grippe.

On Friday afternoon last Mrs. Chapman gave a delightful tea in honor of Miss B. Dyment of Barrie, who is her guest. Among the many ladies present were Mesdames Ramsay, Young, Tandy, Thompson, Mackelcan, Murray, Worthington, Misses Mills, Hamilton, Watson, David, Roach, Dunlop, Robertson, Leggat, Gillard, Bull, O'Reilly, Carr, Mackay, Hendrie, McGiverin, Saunders, Ramsay, Browne, Fuller, Faulkner and others.

Miss Briggs gave a delightful skating party on Saturday evening.

Mr. Ralph Bruce gave a sleighing party to Ancaster, on Friday evening. Those present were Messrs. Browne, Hendrie, Beatty, Gillespie, Davidson, Ferrie, Hamilton and Duncan, Misses McGiverin, Sauders of Guelph, Ramsay, Dunlop, Leggat, Macpherson of Kingston and Hendrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie gave a delightful dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Macpherson of Kingston. Among those present were Misses Leggat, Ramsay, Lottridge, Macpherson and McGiverin, Messrs. Ferrie, Nesbitt, Beatty, Brown, Spratt and Hendrie.

Mr. Myles of Toronto was in town last week for a few days.

Mr. L. McCarthy of Barrie spent last week in town.

Mrs. Stuart of Inglewood will be At Home from five to seven on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lucas gave a charming afternoon tea on Tuesday at her pretty residence, Rowanhurst. Those present were Mesdames Stuart, Young, Mills, Thomson, Burton, Mackelcan, Harris, Crerar, Misses McLean, McGiverin, Chapman, Tudor, Dunlop, Hobson, Watson, Leggat, Hendrie, Dyment, M. McGiverin, Carpenter, Howard, Baker, Hall, Shaw and Harvey.

Miss McGiverin, Homestead, Queen street, entertained friends on Thursday afternoon at tea. SYLVIA.

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Actress—I've eloped, had my diamonds stolen, had one hundred thousand dollars left me by a relative, secured a divorce, played in several popular pieces, and yet I am not famous. What can I do to become popular?

Friend—Retire from the stage.

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Plan opens February 5 at Nordheimer's.

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TO THE
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Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!
McKendry Once More on the War Path
Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.
Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.
Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices
In our Basement Bazar
Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.
Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.
Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.
Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.
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IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting for the new year of the Toronto Retail Grocers' Association was held recently in the association's rooms in Richmond Hall. The following members assembled: Messrs. Booth, Clark, Mills, White, Gibson, Butcher, McCulloch, Johnson, Lindsey, Barron, Saunders, Radcliffe, Sykes, Western, Sinclair, Stewart, Mulqueen and others.

The chair was taken by President Booth, and the proceedings opened at five minutes to nine o'clock.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The secretary had answered one or two communications relative to inquiries for information to start associations outside.

A letter from Stratford asking what course should be taken with tea peddlers, who paid no license, was also reported as answered.

Mr. Gibson moved the following: The limit to obtain the extra ¼c per pound on granulated sugar should be 5 barrels instead of 50 barrels; that 20 boxes of starch instead of 50 should be made the basis on which the 5 per cent. trade discount is given. Mr. Western seconded.

Speaking to the motion, Mr. Gibson said that in the present money stringency it was unfair to oblige a man to take fifteen barrels in order to obtain the extra ¼c. It was difficult to get hold of enough money to get the advantage conceded with quantities. Also he did not believe in loading any man down with starch. Twenty boxes ought to be the outside quantity.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Radcliffe thought the present discussion a very good occasion to recall to mind that a resolution had been passed some time ago binding the association to buy but one make of sugar. He thought that resolution should be strictly carried out. The association should declare its purpose to buy only the best sugar.

Mr. Butcher supposed that the resolution referred to was being carried out. He had always acted upon it, except during the summer when sugar of any kind was very hard to get.

Mr. Mills said the sugar resolution had been virtually suspended in summer, owing to the great shortage in the supply. But he believed that the granulated of the St. Lawrence refinery should be used solely, as by confining themselves to trade in that sugar the grocers could raise the standard of quality, which had been going down very perceptibly lately. The quality can be kept up, if the monopoly cannot be broken, by an agreement among the grocers to use only the best, viz., the granulated of the St. Lawrence refinery. At present the refiners feel that the trade must take what is given them.

Mr. Barron would revive the resolution, and have each member pledge himself to use only St. Lawrence granulated when it is possible to get it.

Mr. Gibson said that yellow sugar should be included in the resolution. Redpath's yellow, he declared, was, at the bottom of the barrels, like tutti frutti chewing gum. Loss was suffered in handling it, especially if weighed out by juniors, as it would stick to the scales and stick to the barrels, so that fully one and a half per cent. of it was lost.

Mr. Mills' experience of Redpath's sugar was not more satisfactory than Mr. Gibson's.

The discussion of the question was then proceeded with. The third question: Would you be in favor of the following terms on sugars and syrups: 45 days, with 1½ per cent. discount for cash in 15 days; all other goods 3 months, with 3 per cent. discount for cash in 15 days?

Upon the motion of Mr. Clark, seconded by Mr. Barron, the answer returned to this question was yes.

As the hour was late and as a meeting of the At Home Committee was to be held after the adjournment of this, as the discussion of the sixteen questions, drafted at meeting of delegates, so far had proceeded very slowly, and as it was deemed advisable not to go hurriedly through the rest of them, it was moved by Mr. Clark, seconded by Mr. Radcliffe, that the further consideration of the questions be postponed till the next meeting.—Carried.

THE SUGAR RESOLUTION.

The question of committing the association to a particular make of granulated sugar was then returned to. After some further discussion, wherein it was shown that the difference between the resolution some months ago adopted upon this matter and the resolution now in view was that the former was calculated to break the monopoly, while the present sought to raise the standard of quality, the following, moved by Mr. Barron, seconded by Mr. Radcliffe, was passed:—

"Inasmuch as under the present guild combinations some of the refiners are manufacturing granulated sugar of inferior quality; in order to mark out disapproval of this we hereby recommend members of the association and the grocery trade to support the St. Lawrence sugar refinery only, as in our estimation its sugars are the best on the market at the present time."

Mr. Radcliffe said the refineries would fill an order from any retailer at the prices charged by the wholesalers.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Lacrosse Club Minstrels.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club will give their minstrel performance at the Academy of Music on Friday and Saturday—with matinee—of next week, under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Col. Otter, D.A.G. The stage management is in the hands of Harry Rowland, and the popular "Duke of York" as interlocutor and Mr. E. W. Schuch, conductor, are sufficient guarantee that the performance will be first-class. The ballad singers will be Messrs. Douglas Bird, Tinning, Baxter, J. A. Garvin, and Kane. The comedians, Messrs. W. E. Ramsay, Rich and Smedley. A most attractive feature will be the *debut* of the Varsity Banjo Club, consisting of about twenty instruments. The end-men, Messrs. Ross, Kain, Burgess, Parks, J. M. Garvin and Christie have had a long experience in amateur minstrels.

Why Men Don't Marry.

The cultivated bachelor of thirty-three has not by any means lost his taste for the society of women; but beauty is no longer all-powerful, and he is attracted by good sense and solid qualities as well. Men of his sort know what terrible bores ignorant girls can be, how utterly unreasonable they often are, and how much more liable they are in middle life to grow acrid, snappish, or positively ill-tempered. There is no one so perverse as the woman without intellectual interests whose situation happens to be at variance with her ideas of comfort, or who, being comfortable, is conscious of the faint contempt, or rather slight avoidance, of those around her. Women are perfectly well aware when men listen from politeness alone, and those among them to whom that lot falls grow as bitter as some disappointed spinsters. Companionship is impossible between the able man and silly. Thoughtful men, too, are aware that it is the clever girls, not the simpletons, who are free from the senseless extravagance which is, perhaps, of all foibles which are not exactly vices, the most permanently irritating in wives. That thing, at least, culture has done for the majority of cultured women—it has taught them how to count. The immense majority of cultivated girls are economical. Frugality is the road to independence. They could not live their lives if they cost their fathers too much, and they learn to know the value of money, and to avoid debt with horror. They are not, perhaps, devoted to "housekeeping" as some of the unlettered are, meaning, three times out of five, endless and harassing interference with their servants; but they can keep house, when they know their incomes, at an outlay well within them. Men know what it is to be bored. There is no here on earth equal to the woman who can neither talk nor listen, who has no mental interests in common with her husband. It is true that cultured girls may be too frank of speech and contradict a man too openly, causing him to think that she is trying to "put him down." The habit is a mere gesture in reality, a colt's kick of pleasure in the free field, and not a sign of vicious temper; but it constantly ruins a bright girl's chances, and has done much to create in society an impression which is, on the evidence of facts, entirely unfounded. Cultivated girls have, in fact, a trick of thinking that argument is conversation, and that contradiction shows mental fearlessness—a trick which men, even tolerant men, never quite like.

A Careful Young Man.

Mrs. Chinner—Why does young Mr. Gurley always knock at the door when he comes to call on you?

Miss Chinner—He's afraid if he comes with a ring I'll regard it as a proposal.

Estranged.

Howell—Why does Fuller avoid Hobson now? They used to be inseparable.

Powell—They were hypnotized on the stage last week, and the professor told Fuller that he was a grain of corn and Hobson that he was a chicken.

AFTERNOON'S EASE

What a comfort to be able to get through the week's washing in the forenoon and have the afternoon to one's self. "Sunlight Soap" enables you to do this. No hard work; lovely white clothes; nice soft hands! What can be more desirable? Try "Sunlight."

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TASTELESS EMULSION
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Easily taken by invalids and children, and readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.
Physicians who have examined a sample now on exhibition under the microscope at
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.
Pronounce it to be the finest extant.
Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.
$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Birthr.

THOMPSON—On Jan. 23, Mrs. Arthur Thompson, 649 Church street—a daughter.
MACGREGOR—Jan. 20, Mrs. H. MacGregor—a daughter.
COX—Jan. 21, Mrs. R. Gregory Cox—a son.
MANLEY—Jan. 20, Mrs. Fred F. Manley—a son.
TOLCHARD—Jan. 15, Mrs. H. Tolchard—a son.
SWEENY—Jan 21, Mrs. Sweeny—a daughter.
LESTER—Jan 2, Mrs. Marcus Y. Lester—a daughter.
BATES—Jan. 22, Mrs. W. H. Bates—a daughter.
MARTIN—Jan. 23, Mrs. Elwin Martin—a son.
MYLES—Jan. 19, Mrs. Richard Myles—a daughter.

Marriages.

CHIDLEY—GREIG—Jan. 27, J. W. Chidley to Libbie Greig.
CAMPBELL—RITCHIE—Jan. 13, Wm. Campbell to Elizabeth Ritchie.
HOLMES—KORMANN—Jan. 26, Arthur Holmes to Madeline Kormann.
LITTE—COOPER—Jan. 20, Thomas A. Little to Annie Cooper.
McDONALD—CAMPBELL—Jan. 20, W. A. McDonald to Emma Campbell.
ROBINSON—FERGUSON—Jan. 21, James Robinson to Mary J. Ferguson.
MILLS—HOWELL—Jan. 23, W. J. Mills to Kate A. Howell.
TISDALL—PLUNKETT—Jan. 20, J. W. Tisdall to Margaret Plunkett.

Deaths.

WALKER—At 20 Brunswick avenue, on January 21, Mamie Searles Walker, beloved wife of Mr. James R. Walker, and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kennedy, aged 33 years.
YOUNG—Jan. 23, Margaret H. B. Young, aged 69
STEVENS—Jan., Robert Stevens, aged 45.
GINN—Jan 24, Elizabeth P. Ginn, aged 53.
DUNN—Jan. 23, Mary Dunn, aged 16.
MAUGHAN—Jan. 20, Sophia Maughan, aged 68.
HARRISON—Jan. 20, Henry Pierce Harrison, aged 46.
HOLCROFT—Jan. 21, Jennie Mason Holcroft.
CLARKE—Jan. 21, Catharine Clarke, aged 62.
CLURINE—Jan. 20, Ezra Clubine, aged 63
WALTON—Jan. 21, Mary A. Walton, aged 75.
LINTY—Jan., Richards Linty, aged 89
BURNS—Jan. 21, Thereza Agnes Burns, aged 55.
CAVAN—Jan. 18, the Dowager Countess of Cavan, aged 74.
MARSHALL—Jan., Samuel Marshall, aged 92.
STEWART—Jan. 20, Rev. Wm. Stewart, aged 89.
INES—Kenosha, Wis., Hugh Ines.
CARTER—Jan. 17, Henry Rowland Carter, aged 38.
DIXON—Jan. 16, James Dixon, aged 3.
ZWICK—Jan. 20, William E. Zwick.
HALL—Jan. 19, Dr. Robert Hall, aged 72.
FLEMING—Jan. 23 Alex Fleming, aged 55.
KAY—Jan. 21, William Kay, aged 31.
ROUSE—Jan. 24, Israel Rouse, aged 4 months.
BLAIN—Jan. 27, Hilda Lee Blain, aged 28.
FORBES—Jan. 27, Sarah Forbes, aged 42.

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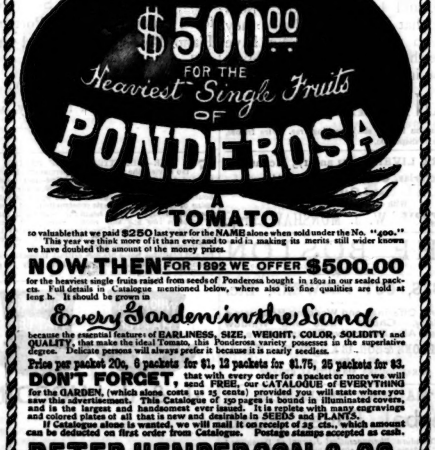

so valuable that we paid $250 last year for the NAME alone when sold under the No. "400." This year we think more of it than ever and to aid in making its merits still wider known we have doubled the amount of the money prizes.

NOW THEN FOR 1892 WE OFFER $500.00 for the heaviest single fruits raised from seeds of Ponderosa bought in 15c in our sealed packets. Full details in Catalogue mentioned below, where also its fine qualities are told at long h. It should be grown in

Every Garden in the Land

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Price per packet 20c, 6 packets for $1, 12 packets for $1.75, 25 packets for $3.

DON'T FORGET, that with every order for a packet or more we will send FREE our CATALOGUE of everything for the GARDEN, (which alone costs us 25 cents) provided you will state where you saw this advertisement. This Catalogue of 192 pages is bound in illuminated covers, and is the largest and handsomest ever issued. It is replete with many engravings and colored plates of all that is new and desirable in SEEDS and PLANTS.

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AS on a very cold day the Mercury in the Thermometer drops clear out of sight, so it is with us as regards any idea of profit for the next two weeks. We simply drop the word profit out of consideration.

We have a lot (far too many) of very choice TEA GOWNS, tastefully designed and well made, which we offer this week at $6.90 and $8.75, worth double the money.

We have also a room full of WRAPPERS, in Flannel and other durable materials. They must be sold. Come and get a bargain. Say from $3 to $6.

Our stock of DRESSES in selling rapidly. Any garment in stock this week can be had at exactly half price, whether in Ladies', Misses' or Children's.

Why worry about dressmakers and sewing girls when garments can be bought for what is charged for making in most cases?

Come in early in the week and look through our stock of DRESSING JACKETS, silk or flannel BLOUSES, serviceable JERSEYS and every description of Undercloth-ing. All reduced away down.

Take the Elevator to the First Floor.

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As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of December offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

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